THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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From Madison To McKinley

In 1810, when Madison occupied the President's chair, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT was originated by Dr. A. Johnson. For nearly a century it has remained a household remedy of the first rank. The grandparents of many who now use JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT were brought through whooping cough, croup and all the accidents of childhood in safety by this remedy. Many a time a bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT in the cupboard of some remote farm house, has saved life when sudden and acute disease has developed in the night. Many are now living in old age who owe their lives to this remedy. You can safely put your trust in a remedy that has stood the test of nearly a century and gained such a high reputation as has

Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT

A majority of the ailments of humanity begin, or are accompanied, with inflammation, and it is by controlling and removing this condition that JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT cures widely different diseases, such as colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, la grippe, lameness colic, cramps, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings chafing and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Sold in two size bottles 25c and 50c, the larger size being the more economical; it holds three times as much.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Write for a free copy of "Treatment for Diseases and Care of the Sick Room."

Carvers Nut Crackers

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Plated Ware Cutlery

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WINTER OPENING OF

FUR AND VELVET HATS

All are invited. Do not fail to examine.

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FUR ROBES

OF THE BEST QUALITY ONLY

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Congress Street.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO

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Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

THE HOLY YEAR.

Matters of Interest to the Catholics of This City at Present.

Letters of which the subjoined is a complete copy have been forwarded to all the parish priests of the Catholic church in New Hampshire by Bishop Bradley. As bearing upon the Holy Year preceding the beginning of the twentieth century, the letter is of interest. The year began on Christmas eve.

"MANCHESTER Dec. 21 1899.

"Rev. and Dear Father:

"On Christmas eve the Holy Father will solemnly open the great Jubilee of the Holy Year. By this action, he places within reach of the faithful unusual privileges and graces.

"He has sent to the Bishops of the world two important documents bearing on the Jubilee.

"By one he suspends, for the time being, many of the indulgences, at present in force. He likewise suspends, for the time being, special faculties delegated to the ordinaries of Dioceses.

"By the second document he extends to those named therein, the privilege of gaining the Plenary indulgence of the Holy Year in their actural place of abode. You will please find herewith authentic copies of these documents They will serve as guides in the instruction of the faithful regarding the privileges of this Holy Year.

"According to the custom of Sovereign Pontiffs, the favors of the great Jubilee will be extended to the entire world during the year immediately following its celebration in the city of Rome. Those of us therefore, who cannot visit Rome during the present year, and who are not permitted to gain the Jubilee indulgences in our actual abode may hope to gain them during the year 1991.

"Your servant in Christ,
"DENIS M. BRADLEY.
"Bishop of Manchester."

The year of jubilee was an institution of the Levitical law. The Jews were to number seven Sabbaths of years, i e, forty nine years, and the fiftieth was the year of jubilee. The blast of the trumpet proclaimed the jubilee throughout the land on the tenth day of the seventh month, i e, the Day of Atonement. The land was to rest, as in Sabbatical years; land or houses in the open country or in villages without walls, reverted to their original owners or their heir; all Hebrew slaves were to go free The law as a whole has no parallel in any other code, and it has a distinctly theocratic character. The Hebrews were the servants of God and could not, therefore, be the servants of men; the land belonged to God, and was only lent to the Hebrew tribes and families, who could not, therefore, be driven out by any human arrangement. The original positions of affairs was to be restored after the sacred Sabbatical period of years, and on the Day of Atonement, when Israel's sins were purged and his communion with God renewed.

Various explanations are given of the word jubilee. Some suppose that the word means "joyful sound;" others make it refer to the lengthened blast of the trumpet, or the streaming crowds of people Probably it is an old word for a horn or a trumpet. Most likely the "year of setting free," Ezek. xlvi, is the year of jubilee.

The church has adopted the term jubilee from the Jewish church, and proclaims from time to time a "year of remission"— from the penal consequences of sin. She offers to her children, if they repent, and make their peace with God and perform certain pious works, a plenary indulgence Usually the first year of the jubilee is confined to Rome and is extended to the rest of the world in the following year.

TO RETIRE FROM BUSINESS.

Mr. John Caswell, the veteran fish dealer will retire from business on January 1, after an honorable career of over twenty-five years. Mr. Caswell has an extensive milk business and in the future will devote the greater part of his time to this. He has always been located on Water street.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Lieut. R. L. Russell and Medical Inspector M. H. Simons to Cleveland, Ohio, to open recruiting rendezvous.

Paymaster's Clerk W. D. Bollard, appointed on nomination of Assistant Paymaster P. W. Delano, for temporary duty on Scindia, then to Yosemite.

PROBATE COURT.

The following business was among the transactions at the session of probate court for the county of Rockingham for the week ending Dec 28th:

Wills Proved—Of Ebenezer M. Leavitt, Auburn, Emma J. Nichols, executor.

Administration Granted—In estates of Mary Murphy, Stratham, Margaret H. Murphy, administratrix; Esther F. Tuttle, Brentwood, Elward G. Tuttle, administrator; Martin V. B. Gile, Raymond, Fannie L. Gile, administratrix; Ephraim H. Downs, Portsmouth, Mary B. Downs, administratrix.

Accounts Settled—In estates of Arthur C. Gray et als, Newfields, wards; Henrietta A. Butrick, Auburn; Barnard P. Robie, Chester; George W. Fairbanks, Windham; Angeline Smith, Derry; Alexander McMurphy, Derry.

Inventories Filed—In estates of Lewis L. Lamprey, Exeter; Fred A. Young, Londonderry; Rose A Short, Londonderry: Abbie A. Clark, Northwood; Mary B. Bailey, Salem; Fred B. Haraden, Portsmouth; Alexander McMurphy, Derry; Mary Murphy, Stratham.

License Granted—For sale of real property, estates of Charles E. Young, Londonderry; Christiana Scott, Pelham

Guardians Appointed—David W. Elliver Edward C., D Mildred and Anna B Ela, Londonderry; Cora E. Chase over Etta M. Chase, Derry; Bathsheba Dyson over John E. Dyson, Derry; Eliza M. Scott over Harriett Sweatt, Windham.

AN INVITATION DANCING PARTY.

Mr. Winslow Peirce gave a very pleasant dancing party in Peirce hall, on Friday evening, to his young friends in this city and the surrounding towns About eighty invitations were issued and as a result the hall contained one of the merriest parties seen there this season.

Conservatory orchestra furnished the music and at intermission Ralph Green catered and served light refreshments. Those present had a most enjoyable time and the young host is to be congratulated on arranging for such a pleasant evening's entertainment.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

ENJOYABLE WHIST PARTY.

A very enjoyable whist party was held at the home of Miss Lizzie Bilbruck on Pine street on Thursday evening. The lady's prize, a gold pin, was won by Miss Alma Staples, while the gentleman's prize, a toilet set, went to Harry Titus. The consolation prizes were taken by Miss Louise Fitts and Frank Hersey.

FAREWELL PARTY.

About thirty of the young friends of Miss Ethel Lockhart met at her home home No. 56 Congress street last evening and gave her a farewell party before she returned to school in Tilton, this state. During the evening there were games, music and refreshments and the time was passed very pleasantly.

FORMERLY OF KITTERY.

The Rev. and Mrs. Appleton W. Reed of Benton, Me., formerly of Kittery, also of Hampton Falls, celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding at their home in Benton Friday. The invitation to the celebration was general, and included all the relatives, as well as a large number of friends and former parishioners.

TO CURE LA GRIPPE IN TWO DAYS

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

DISPENSING BEER.

Amount Allowed to Brewery Employes.

The amount of beer consumed by men who work in breweries is little short of appalling, a hundred glasses a day not being considered unusual. In one of the breweries uptown there is quite a system in dispensing drinks to the employes. Every man is graded according to his capacity, and tickets are issued to the men when they come to work in the morning. Each ticket is good for a glass of beer. Some men get a hundred, others 80, some 60, and so on down to the novices, who are only allowed 25 until their capacity is accurately judged through the system of graduation. The brewers claim that no drunkenness results from this, as the men perspire freely in the hot atmosphere, and the liquid has little effect upon them. If by some mischance a man should become incapacitated for work he is demoted to the next lower class, and this is looked upon as a keen disgrace, and very rarely happens. "Of course, it ultimately leads to cirrhosis of the liver," said a prominent brewer recntly, "but the men are bound to drink beer, and it is better to have a system. It saps their vitality to such an extent that they become easy victims to any disease. We lost two workmen last month from broken legs. To an ordinary man no importance would be attached to a fractured limb, but these fellows never rallied. They just heeled over and died."—Phil. Record.

One Cause of Red Noses.

The development of abnormal redness of the nose is a consequence of the wearing of a veil in winter. The discoloration is most pronounced at those points where the veil is most intimately applied to the face The effect is due partly to the mechanical action of the sharp and rough texture upon a sensitive skin, and to the influence of the watery vapor that collects within its meshes and prevents evaporation. Blood is thus driven from the tip of the nose to adjacent parts whose blood vessels in consequence become enlarged and conspicuous. The condition is aggravated if the use of the veil is persisted in on passing from a cold to a warm atmosphere. The alterations tend to become permanent the longer the veil is worn without airing, the longer its injurious action is maintained by compression, the colder the season and the greater the exposure. Sometimes the cheeks are also affected similarly When the use of a veil is necessary it should not extend below the nasal orifices, so as to permit the escape of watery vapor. Further, it should not be too heavy, nor should it be too light.

A New Kind of Water Mark.

Two Englishmen who have recently secured a method of producing water marks by means of electrolysis thus describe the process:

"In producing a disappearing and repeatedly revivable translucent water mark in or on manufactured paper we proceed as follows: Upon a platinum sheet or plate forming the positive conducting surface we place a layer of absorbent material, such as blotting paper, previously moistened with water. On each material we place the paper which is to receive the water mark, the paper having been previously moistened through with water. We then press, face downward, on the paper a platinum design of the water mark, and this design forms the negative electrode. We keep this negative electrode in contact with the paper for from five to ten seconds, according to the nature of the paper and the amount of electric current used. The result on removal of the electrode is a distinct and translucent image of the design, which gradually fades as the paper dries, and finally becomes invisible. The mark, however, can be revived and made visible as often as the paper is immersed in water or moistened in any other way." —The Paper Mill.

No Landlords There

Rented houses are unknown in Jetmore, Kan. Every house is occupied by its owner. The town has about 375 inhabitants.

Immense Needle Output.

A needle factory in the east makes 70,000,000 needles every week.

CITY BRIEFS

It is very quiet in shipping circles and no arrivals or departures were reported for the day.

A stubborn little boy was brought before the city marshal this morning for a lecture and a little good advice.

There was but one drunk and one lodger at the police station on Friday night and no police court today.

Purity Rebekah lodge, No. 7, of Dover, will visit Union lodge of Portsmouth Tuesday evening, January 2 Special train will leave Dover at 7.20 o'clock.

The calenders of the Eldredge Brewing company this year are of exceptional beauty and are greatly appreciated by those fortunate enough to secure them. The display is neat and the coloring excellent.

Half the ills that man is heir to come from indigestion. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach; makes indigestion impossible.

A FEW JINGLES.

Love a la Tandem.

'Mong sylvan groves of sentiment
We billed and cooed;
You were, sweetheart, moreo'er content
To be thus wooed.
The future then with rapture hung
And blisses rare,
While birdlings sweetest songs they sung
To glad the air.
We courted then—we're married now,
No more we string
Fair pearls upon horizon's brow—
I curses fling.
All, all is changed; with rain we soak;
We're cast and down—
Our tandem's smashed and we are broke
Ten miles from town.
—H. S. Keller, in Boston Courier.

And Again.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my boyhood,
When dreams of old days bring them once more to view!
The wood pile the sawbuck (when some other boy would
Take hold of the saw to show what he could do),
The dingy old smokehouse, the dirt floor within it,
The cracks in the weatherboards, frequent and wide,
Where work must be kept up, when once you begin it,
In smoking the slabs of fat bacon inside—
The long sides of bacon, the rich, juicy bacon,
The old greasy bacon that hung up inside!

Two Songs.

"Sing me a song," quoth she!
So he sang how for years and for years and a day
He had sighed for a maid that was deaf to the wind
Of his groaning and sighing! "Ah, sir, lack-a-day,"
Said the lady that listened as sad as could be!
"Ah, me, lack-a-day," answered he!

"Sing me a song," quoth he!
So she sang how for years and for years and a day
Her head had been full of a poor lover's sighs,
For nights and for nights with the love in his eyes'
Oh, well might she pause, for that gentleman gay
Kissed her quick on the lips most joyous to see!
"Ah, love, thou wert blind," answered she!

The Womanly Heart.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a bonnet's fair?
For my own no longer care,
'Cause less chic and smart they are?
Be the Joneses' Sunday hats
Made in Paris—freckled cats!—
It they be not made for me,
What care I how smart they be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
E'en if Worth their frocks designed?
'Cause their fortune seems too high,
Shall I rage with jealousy?
Jealous of the Joneses! Oh!
Jealous of such persons! No
It they be too smart for me,
What care I how smart they be?
—In The London Punch.

Consolation.

Don't you worry, honey—
Skies'll soon be bright,
Take a li'l darkness,
Ter make a li'l light.
Dunno what'll happen
Fo' de war is done—
Lover'll be a cap'n,
En you his purty one!

Don't you worry, honey—
Good times sho' ter come!
Folks'll soon git tired
Bangin' er de drum!
Dunno what'll happen
When de war is pas';
Lover'll be a cap'n
En marry you at las'!

Hie Hence.

"I have never loved any one but you!" sighed the young suitor.

"Go and get a reputation, then," replied the haughty beauty.—Philadelphia North American.

Not Always, But Sometimes.

"You mustn't always judge a man by his coat."

"Perhaps not, unless he's a painter." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

BALES OF CORK.

They Come From Spain and Are Turned Into Stoppers.

On the sunny slopes of Catalonia, in Spain, there are groves of corcho, where the trees (a species of oak—Quercus Suber) are evergreen, bearing an acorn which tastes like our chestnut. They live well into the second century, attaining a height of 40 feet.

During the first 50 years of the tree's life the outer bark loses its vitality, becoming an encumbrance which would naturally peel off, but which is most carefully stripped a year or so earlier by cutting with curved knives into squares of three feet, the bark varying in thickness from one to three inches. The cutting is done during July and August, and, after a process of drying—boiling and then pressing under heavy weights for flattening—the pieces of cork are packed in square iron-bound bales for home manufacture and shipment.

The first cutting from the trees is coarse and inferior, as is that grown in wet, low districts, but every eight or ten years of its later life the tree yields a better quality, that arriving latest at maturity, under best conditions of soil and climate, being of finest, firmest grain.

The largest cork factories in the world are those of the Armstrong Company in Lancaster and Pittsburg. But at one of the smaller ones down on busy old Pearl street may be observed the passing of the sheets of cork from the bales to the quaint foreign-looking baskets filled with beautifully finished stoppers in various sizes.

The machines for cutting the strips, for punching the shape and for smoothing and tapering (this last at the rate of 45 per minute) are a great advance upon the old methods of hand work, and it was only after many trials that machinery could be kept sharp, as the soft substance dulls it much more rapidly than many harder, tougher materials.

The corks used for bottling champagne are still cut by hand. The best material is used, and they are not tapered nor cut quite round, thus swelling and fitting more perfectly in the bottles.

When a cork is tossed into the waste basket that is by no means the end of its usefulness as it is probably picked out of the refuse by a man who gleans his best harvest from hotels and saloons. He sells the contents of his bag to dealers in "seconds" on the East Side. These old corks are washed, dried, recut by hand—at every stroke the workman running the knife across a leather strap—and then sold again for bottling, blacking and other liquids.

The waste—shavings, etc.—was formerly hard to dispose of, as it does not burn readily, but it is now ground, and as a non-conductor of heat enters into the manufacture of artificial limbs, bicycle handles, soles of boots, etc. Impervious to water, it is quite indispensable for life-preservers and buoys, and is one of the ingredients of asphalt pavements.—N. Y. Post.

Passes That Didn't Pass.

When its limited express trains were put on a few years ago the Lake Shore Railroad Company decided to charge extra for the privilege of riding on them, and John Newell, who was president of the system at that time, gave orders that passes, half-rate tickets, etc., would not be honored on the "flyers." It was not intended, of course, that the complimentaries issued to high officials of other roads should be void on the fast trains, but through an oversight a yearly pass was sent to D. W. Caldwell, president of the Nickel Plate, which bore on its face the words:

"Not good on Lake Shore limited trains."

A few days after Mr. Caldwell's pass had been issued Mr. Newell received an annual pass on the Nickel Plate, with the following endorsement:

"Not good on passenger trains."

Messrs. Newell and Caldwell remained consistent enemies until the former died and was succeeded by the latter as president of the Lake Shore. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Keeps Him Busy.

Naturalists say that a single swallow will devour 6,000 flies in a day.

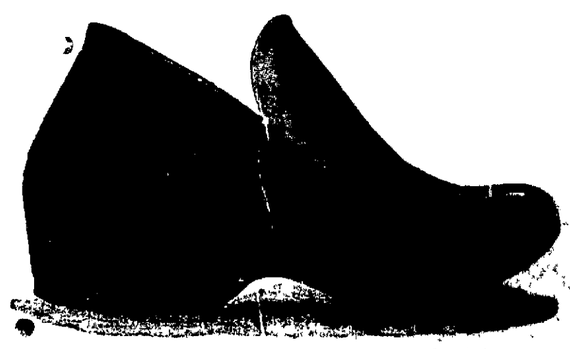
Seen in Boston.

In Boston spectacled policemen are frequently seen on the streets.

Duncan's Shoe Store.

Queen Quality, Ladies' Lace & Button Shoe, $3.00

THE WORLD'S BEST.

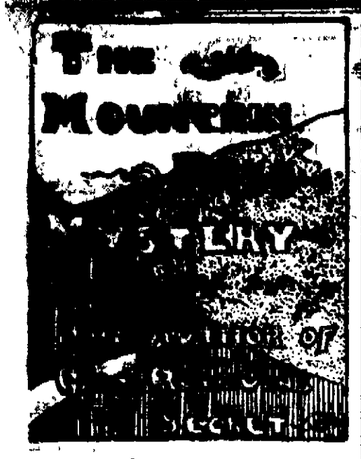


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FRANKLIN SHOE—Every pair guaranteed to give [illegible]
Franklin Shoes fit the foot, fit the eye and fit your purse.
Men's Sizes.....$2.00 | Boys' Sizes.....$1.50 | Youths' [illegible]

5 MARKET SQUARE.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®



[CONTIN

She turned her eyes on me with a look of surprise, almost reproach, in their soft hazel depths.

"Why, Sir Douglas, of course I am. Aren't all girls fond of their mothers? And no girl has quite so dear and sweet a one as mine!"

"And not many mothers have so sweet a daughter as you, eh Vera?" I answered, lightly, though, in truth, my thoughts were heavy and dark enough.

That absence of Lady Gramont's from her daughter last Christmas—did it not seem to confirm my suspicions?

Heavens! if they should be true! If Vera's mother—if Gwynne's promised wife—should be a murderess!

Suddenly there flashed across my mind a recollection of the wound I had cauterized. The woman must needs bear the scar of that to her dying day. Here, then was proof, and of the simplest kind. All I had to do was, to discover whether Lady Gramont had any such scar upon her arm. But how to discover this?

I remembered with a deepening of my suspicions, that, although Lady Gramont had beautiful arms, the sleeves of her evening dresses always came to well below the elbows. Assuredly, if she had such a scar, she would be careful not to show it—especially before me.

I might have questioned Vera on this point; but, somehow, I shrank from it unaccountably. The Israelites of old were forbidden to seethe the kid in its mother's milk, and it seemed to me it would have been equally unnatural to attempt to fix the guilt of murder on the mother by means of her child.

We returned to the house as the luncheon bell was ringing. At a turn in the path we were joined by Gwynne and Lady Gramont. She was looking even more than usually beautiful in her walking out costume. It was a rich, dark violet, and the costly furs which trimmed it enhanced the lustre of her eyes, and the clearness of her skin.

I felt horribly guilty as I remembered I had dared to suspect this beautiful high-bred woman of being a murderess. The idea seemed so very monstrous now I was in her presence, that I could feel myself flushing all over my face.

My embarrassment was increased by the cordiality with which she greeted me; indeed, I am bound to confess that her manners, full of a sweet, winning grace towards everyone, were ever most sweet and gracious when addressed to me.

I had noticed this, and had attributed it to a natural and laudable wish to please one whom her betrothed husband held in such high esteem; but now there came into my mind the sinister thought that she might be animated by a very different motive

If she were in truth, that masked woman—thus ran my reflections—she would, of course, recognize me, although I could not recognize her; and it would clearly be to her interest to secure me as her friend.

Again I flushed hot and red. I felt as though such thoughts constituted unexampled baseness and treachery towards Gwynne. I am sure I would gladly have given ten thousand pounds at that moment to have my suspicions disproved; but, without disproof, I could not banish them. They had taken too firm a hold upon my mind.

CHAPTER VI.

Poor Nero.

The very next morning, I got a letter from my uncle—the chief item of news in which was that poor Nero was decidedly "off her feed," and appeared to be taking my absence sadly to heart. For three years he had not been parted from me a single day. I mentioned this to my host, Sir Thomas Mallory, and he immediately said—

Send for the poor brute, Douglas. Dixon can take charge of him, and he'll not be the least in the way."

"Thanks!" I said, "I will," and in less than half an hour I had sent off a wire, instructing my uncle's groom to despatch Nero to Deepdene by the next train.

He arrived that same night.

I met him at the station, and took him down to Dixon, Sir Thomas's head groom.

I had taken care not to mention before the ladies that the dog was coming; for I had a fancy to try an experiment with him. It had occurred to me it was just possible that Nero, with his wonderful instinct, might know Lady Gramont again; that is, supposing she were the woman he had so furiously attacked.

If he did recognize her, he would certainly show some sign of displeasure; and, also, I thought she would not be able to conceal her discomfiture at sight of him, if he were introduced to her notice suddenly.

Accordingly I kept my own counsel; and, the next afternoon, at the hour when I knew Lady Mallory would be giving her guests tea in the hall I took Nero with me there.

Vera caught sight of him first, and sprang up to caress him.

Oh, what a splendid dog! Is it yours, Sir Douglas?" she cried, stroking his great head, while he wagged his tail, much gratified.

I looked round the hall, and saw, near the brightly-burning fire, a vacant chair.

Lady Gramont had not yet come downstairs. In breathless suspense I awaited her appearance. Would Nero know her? and, if he knew her, would he testify that he remembered last Christmas Eve?

He had not seen her face any more than I; but I had faith in his instincts. He would not have to rely on features for his recognition.

In a minute or two she came.

Harold got up to lead her to her seat: and I, noticing the look of deep, adoring love on his face, felt a passionate hope that Nero would show no signs of recognition.

I realised then, all it would mean to my friend.

Lady Gramont wore a tea-gown of pale primrose-colored silk, and she walked with that stately grace of step which I have never seen quite equalled by any other woman.

Her beautiful, lustrous eyes held the sweetest look as she returned Sir Harold's smile.

I glanced at her, and said to myself, with indignant scorn: "That woman a murderess! John Douglas, you must be mad to have harbored such a thought for one single moment in your brain!"

But even while I said this, Nero sprang from Vera's caressing hand, and, with a low but furious growl, leaped upon Lady Gramont.

The attack was so sudden, so unexpected, that everybody started up in alarm.

Sir Harold seized the dog by the collar, and hurled him back, or I verily believe his fierce teeth would have met upon my lady's soft, white hand.

Even as it was, it needed all the authority I could throw into my voice to restrain him

He would fain have flung himself upon her, and pinned her to the ground, I needed no further proofs. I was certain then, that Beatrice Gramont was the woman whose arm Nero had bitten last Christmas Eve.

"Good Heavens, Douglas! Why do you keep such a brute as this?" cried Gwynne. And, for the first time in his life, there was anger in his voice as he addressed me. "He isn't safe. Upon my word, I really think you ought to have him shot!"

I turned the dog out, without replying; then I came back, and walked straight up to Lady Gramont.

"I must apologize to you for Nero's strange behavior," I said. "I have never known him to act like this before except once."

She was white to the lips. Everyone else thought, of course, it was the fear of being bitten that had caused her to turn so deathly pale; but I knew well it was a deeper fear.

She forced herself to give me a gracious answer, and even to smile faintly.

"Poor fellow! You must not scold him: it was, probably only fun," she said, "But I am such a coward."

"I should not have thought you were a coward, Lady Gramont, I answered, in a slow, distinct voice, and looking full into her face as I spoke. "On the contrary, I should have expected to find you exceptionally brave."

Oh, no, indeed! I am not brave at all," she murmured, sinking into a chair, and shading her face with a feather fire-screen. I felt sure she was afraid of betraying agitation and discomposure. Vera came up to me, and touched me lightly on the arm.

"When was the other time that your dog attacked anyone, Sir Thomas? You said you had never known him to act like this but once."

I replied to Vera; but my eyes were on her mother all the time.

"It is nearly a year ago," I said, slowly. 'Last Christmas Eve, Nero flew at a woman as suddenly, and seemingly as unaccountably, as he flew at Lady Gramont just now."

"And did he hurt her?" questioned Vera.

"I am bound to say he did," I answered gravely. "He bit her so severely that I had to cauterize the wound. She will carry the mark of it to her grave."

"And you can keep such a dog as that?" exclaimed Sir Harold. "Really, Douglas, I am surprised at you!"

Lady Gramont said nothing; only sat, with her beautiful eyes cast down; her fingers toying restlessly with the feather screen; her face ashy pale.

* * * * * * *

That night Gwynne and I sat up to smoke a pipe together.

He sat opposite me, and I, looking on his fine, noble face, wondered how he would bear it if he had to be told that Beatrice Gramont was unworthy of his love In my heart I half-believed it would be his death blow; at any rate, it would kill all that was best in him.

He would never hold up his head again with that frank, proud movement, and look at me with eyes that spoke of measureless content, as he was looking at me now.

When a man loves for the first time in his life at forty-three, his love is apt to enter into the very deepest recesses of his being—especially if he be a man of a strong, deep nature, and the woman whom he loves is passing fair.

Sir Harold so loved Beatrice Gramont, that I was sure he would far rather have died than have had to believe in her dishonor. Should I tell him my suspicions?

I asked myself that as he sat opposite me, tranquilly smoking a cigar: and I answered the question with an unhesitating 'No'"

In the first place, it would be of no use.

He simply would not believe me.

That fancied similarity of voice, with nothing to support it except Nero's strange antagonism would not have had a feather's weight with him.

He would be furious to think that anyone should dare to breathe a word against his worshipped Beatrice.

No: it was quite useless to speak at present, I decided.

I must have further proofs: I must watch and wait and, perhaps, I should be able to discover whether Lady Gramont had, or had not, the scar of a cauterized wound upon her arm.

Gwynne had seemed in deep thought for a minute or two, when suddenly he looked across at me, and laughed.

"Well, old fellow?" I queried, not feeling at all in a laughing mood myself.

"I was thinking about how odd it would be if I ever should be your papa-in-law. I should be, you know, in a way, if you were to marry Vera."

"I—marry Vera!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Whatever has made you think of such a thing as that?"

"I beg your pardon, if I've made a mistake, Jack; but, upon my honor, I really thought you were getting attached to the child."

"That's just it. I am attached—to the child. But then, one doesn't think of married children."

"Vera is sixteen on New Year's day," said Gwynne, quietly puffing at his cigar. "Her mother was married before she was as old as that."

"Oh, nonsense, Hal!" I exclaimed, sharply, so sharply that he looked at me in surprise.

I could not have defined my feelings at that moment, but I know they were extremely unpleasant, if not absolutely painful ones.

I felt, for all the world, as though the meshes of a web were tightening round me—as though I were being drawn to a place from which there would be no retreat, save with definite misery or infinite dishonor.

The suggestion that I might marry Vera had done this.

In the first place, I was certain it had never emanated from Gwynne's own unassisted mind.

Whether he knew it or not, he was simply the mouthpiece of Lady Gramont.

It was she who had induced him to speak like this to me.

And her motive? Of course I saw that in a moment.

If I were married to her daughter, or even engaged to marry her, her own secret must needs be safe with me.

Let my suspicions be what they might, I could never betray them, to her peril, if I loved her child. The very deepness of the scheme hardened me against the woman who I conceived, had planned it; and hence it was that I spoke so sharply.

"Pray say no more about my marrying Vera; it is quite out of the question. Come, aren't you about ready for bed? I am." And, I left the room abruptly.

"It is quite out of the question." I repeated this to myself as I went up the stairs, and was surprised to find how keen a pang it cost me. Quite out of the question that I should marry Vera.

I had never thought of it before, but now I was forced to think of it, and to decide it could never be; I realized that my heart had passed out of my keeping, that Vera, child though she was, had won it.

But I could never marry her; no, not even though I could win from her an answering love; her mother's sin must forever stand between us. I might be willing to make her my wife, even though I knew she was the daughter of a murderess but she—could she marry the man who had been the means of betraying her mother's crime.

Assuredly she could not and yet, in my heart, I felt certain that that painful duty would be mine. Sooner or later I should have to betray Beatrice Gramont to Sir Harold. If she were what I suspected her of being, I could not stand by and hold my peace while my friend gave her the shelter of his high and spotless name.

I had drawn up the blind in my bedroom, and was standing beside the window while I thus mused. It was a bitterly cold night and a light snow was falling. I was about to turn away, when I saw a dark figure approaching the house. I opened the window very quietly and leaned out; I had a fancy I should see Gwynne.

I thought he might have stepped out to finish his smoke, and returned when it came on to snow. But it was not a man, it was a woman who was coming swiftly towards the house.

A moment of breathless uncertainty, and then I saw it was Lady Gramont. She entered the house by one of the side windows, and closed it after her, noiselessly.

She came straight upstairs, and passed on to her own room, for I could here the soft swish-swish of her skirts as she went by my door. Where had she been? and upon what errand? There was some inscrutable mystery about this woman. I could not even dimly guess what her past had been.

With thoughts all confused and chaotic, I undressed and got into bed; but I had not lain there more than five minutes when a fear darted into my mind which made me spring up as though I had been shot.

I remembered that Lady Gramont had come from the direction of the stables, and the house of Sir Thomas's head groom was a lettle beyond there. Nero was there. Had Lady Gramont's ramble had anything to do with him? I turned hot all over as I debated the question. In less than five minutes I had got my clothes on, and was out of the house

Come what might, I felt I must know whether my dear old dog was safe. The stables were not more than a hnudred yards away, and Dixon's house was about as far again.

I tore along in the darkness at a rapid pace, feeling wildly excited, and yet with a curious sinking at my heart. The snow as falling fast now—so fast that the prints of Lady Gramont's feet were quite covered up, but, indeed, even if they had remained, they would not have been discernible in the darkness.

I passed the stables. All was quiet there—not a sound to disturb the stillness. I hurried swiftly on, to Dixon's house hoping each moment to hear my faithful old Nero's bark But no; all continued silent—as silent as the grave.

At length Dixon's house came in sight Surely there was something—a dark mass—lying just outside the gate. I strained my eyes to see what it was, and that horrible sinking at my heart increased. I fancied it was Nero, and I knew that, if he was alive, I could scarcely have approached him thus nearly, without springing up to meet me.

Another moment, and I was close enough to see what that dark object was. It was indeed Nero! but he was in the agonies of death Even as I sprang forward, and called him by his name, he breathed his last, turning his glazing eyes upon me, and making a faint, unavailing effort to lick my hand. He had been poisoned—by whom I could not doubt.

CHAPTER VII.

What I Saw in the Corridor.

For some time I knelt beside the lifeless body of my poor dog. I rubbed his fast-stiffening form in unavailing attempts to restore him; and, when I had to own that all was over, I silently registered a vow that Beatrice Gramont should answer to me for this last foul deed.

It may seem unnatural, but my horror and indignation against her were roused to a far higher pitch by the death of my dog than they had been by the murder of a human being. Then I had been willing to believe she was a wronged woman, and, that, possibly, the fatal shot had been fired when she was maddened by her wrongs.

But the death of my poor Nero had been foully deliberate. She had stolen out by night, stealthily and of set purpose, to poison him, and for this, in my heart of hearts, I vowed to be revenged.

I would make her suffer, even though it were not publicly. She should suffer all the tortures of suspense and dread, even though, in the end, I must needs spare her the rigors of the law—for Vera's sake. For Vera's sake! I set my teeth hard as I thought of this. It seemed so horrible that she, that fiend in human form, should be Vera's mother. It made me wince, as if beneath some fierce, intolerable torture.

I do not know how long I knelt in the snow beside my poor Nero; but I do know that the slow, heavy tears coursed down my face as I thought of all his wonderful wisdom and all his loving faithfulness.

A man finds so few truly faithful friends in his passage through the world, that he may surely spare the tribute of tears when he loses one, whether it be man or dog. But at last I rose, and resolved what I would do. My first impulse had been to knock up Dixon, but a little thought convinced me it would be wiser not to do so.

I would make no outcry about the dog's death; I would not have it known I myself had come out at midnight and found him dying. It might place Beatrice Gramont too much on her guard. If she chose to fancy I should ascribe the deed to some hand other than hers, she was quite welcome to so deceive herself, I should the more easily gain my revenge.

I returned to the house, and lay down in my bed, not without a sore pang at the thought of poor Nero's body, cold and stiff, lying out in the snow by Dixon's gate. Sleep was out of the question. For fully half-a-dozen hours I lay awake, tossing restlessly from side to side, while my fevered brain sought vainly to solve the mystery which surrounded Beatrice Gramont.

Who was the man who had been murdered in the mountain pass. Was he her late husband, the Comte de Gramont? Was that story about his having met his death in India untrue? Had he returned to his beautiful wife at a time when she found his existence undesirable? And had she ended it for him, coolly and deliberately as she had just ended that of my poor dog?

A little before daybreak, worn out with my long night of wakefulness, I fell asleep; but even in my dreams, I could not escape from Beatrice Gramont. She led me through pathless snows, and over high mountains; and, though she seemed ever almost in my grasp, she eluded me at last Then, in her place, there rose up the image of Vera, sweet, and sad, and pale, with a world of mournful reproach in her soft hazel eyes

My heart rushed out to her in boundless love, and I would fain have clasped her in my arms But she waved me back not in anger, but still with infinite reproach

"You have ruined my mother," she cried, mournfully. "I thought you loved me, but, if you had loved me, you would have loved my mother, too"

From these dreams I awoke, to find the red wintry sun shining into my chamber, and to feel that I was seriously unwell.

I must have taken cold when I quitted my room at midnight, for my head ached terribly, my mouth felt parched, and my hands were burning. When I essayed to get out of bed, I turned so dizzy that I was glad to get back again. I decided I had better remain in my room for at any rate, an hour or two, and I rang the bell for a servant, and sent down a message to this effect. In a minute or two, Gwynne came up, his kind, good face wearing a look of anxiety at the news of my indisposition. I think I never felt so guilty in my life as when he came and sat beside my bed.

It might have been I and not Beatrice Gramont, who was the perpetrator of a crime.

"I hope you're not going to be ill, Jack," he said, in his kind, earnest manner "It will just spoil our Christmas if you're out of the way."

I thought grimly that I knew of one person, at any rate, whose Christmas would be by no means spoilt if I were out of the way, not for a few days only, but altogether However, I assured him there was nothing seriously amiss with me. It was only a cold, and, if I remained in my room, and doctored myself a little, I should probably be quite better by the next day.

"Well, mind you do doctor yourself," he said with another of his kind looks, as he grasped my hand. "If you don't I warn you I shall come up here, and establish myself as your nurse."

I was relieved when he went away, much as I loved him. It was impossible for me to feel anything but guilty in his presence while that wretched secret was weighing on my mind. And yet I could not resolve to broach it to him until I had obtained some further proof.

Later in the day he came up again—this time to tell me of Nero's death He expressed the most genuine concern, and I am sure the dear fellow's sorrow was all the greater because he himself had spoken harshly of the dog yesterday.

"It's some of those rascally poachers who have done it, you may be sure," he said. "Dixon is awfully put out about it: he thinks you may, perhaps, blame him."

"I couldn't do that," I answered. "He acted under my orders in letting the dog be about at night, so it's my own fault, if it's anyone's. Please tell him not to worry."

I remained in my room all day, and towards night, I felt much better, but exceedingly wakeful. When the rest of the house retired, I still sat in an easy chair, warmly wrapped in dressing gown and slippers. It was useless to go to bed if one could not sleep, I thought.

I must have fallen into a doze; for, when I opened my eyes, I found the fire burned low, and the clock just striking two. I was about to rise and undress, when I fancied I heard the soft swish of a woman's dress in the corridor. Swift as lightning I turned down my lamp, and sat motionless as a statue, with all my senses concentrated into one—that of hearing. My ears are at all times, unusually keen; but, that night, I verily believe I should have heard the proverbial pin, even had it fallen outside my door. My mind was so full of Beatrice Gramont that I took it for granted it was she who was walking about the house at this unearthly hour.

Nevertheless I received a shock when I cautiously opened my door an inch or so, and peered through the aperture. I saw Lady Gramont, truly enough: but I saw someone else as well—a man—and a man, too, who was an utter stranger to me. Assuredly, he was not one of the guests, I told myself; quite as certainly he was not one of the servants. I knew them all well enough, and this man I had never seen before.

He and Lady Gramont were walking swiftly down the corridor, she clad in a long, white dressing-gown, he in an ulster which reached to his feet, and the collar of which was drawn well up about his ears. He was tall and slender, approaching middle age, with very dark hair.

They passed out of the corridor and down the staircase. I watched them well out of sight, and then stole after them, determined to discover why Lady Gramont was meeting this strange man secretly, and at such an hour, in Sir Thomas Mallory's house.

A light was always kept burning through the night in the corridor: and that was how it was I had seen the stranger's face so distinctly; but, after the staircase was passed, all was utter darkness. I had to grope my way, and was afraid at every step that I might stumble against one or other of those two.

I was standing against a suit of mail in the entrance-hall, when suddenly I saw a glimmer of light apparently proceeding from Sir Thomas's private room. In a moment I slipped behind the suit of mail, and, quite concealed by it, listened with bated breath. At first I heard nothing, but the soft rustle of Lady Gramont's garments, but, after a minute or so, there was the withdrawing of a bolt, and the turning of a key, followed by a gust of frosty air.

Quite evidently the hall door was being opened. I peeped cautiously out from my place of concealment, and saw that the man was in the act of crossing the threshold, and Lady Gramont, with a small spirit lamp in her hand, was preparing to close and fasten the door upon him. Suddenly he turned to her.

"Remember!" he said, in a deep whisper. "Half-past five to-morrow afternoon."

"I will be there," she whispered back; then the door closed.

Lady Gramont, after carefully locking and bolting it, turned and went up the staircase passing within a couple of yards of where I stood My first impulse had been to confront her; and, telling her boldly what I suspected, demand an explanation of her extraordinary conduct.

But when I heard the man arrange to meet her, I saw it might be wise to hold my peace a little longer.

Although I did not know the place of meeting—only the time—I fancied it would be easy for me to be present at that interview. All I had to do was to keep Lady Gramont in my sight from half-past four to half-past five to-morrow afternoon, and she would surely betray herself I made up my mind that wherever she went, there I would follow.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brought to Bay.

Having arrived at this decision, I went back to my bedroom, and tried my hardest to get to sleep, for I knew how important it was that I should be well and strong upon the morrow.

At last, and after many ineffectual attempts, I did fall asleep, and slept so soundly that the breakfast-gong was sounding when I awoke. I was delighted to find my cold nearly cured, and, dressing hurriedly, I went downstairs, where the very first person I saw was Lady Gramont.

She was standing at the door of the breakfast room, holding in her arms a tiny Maltese terrier of Lady Mallory's. She was fondling it tenderly, pressing her lips to its little body, and calling it the most endearing names. I thought of my poor Nero, and smiled grimly.

"You are fond of dogs, Lady Gramont?" I said, as I came up to her.

For the life of me, I could not have avoided giving her that home-thrust. It told. I saw her cheeks flush like a rose. She could not look me in the face. She could not answer me. She murmured some inarticulate word or two, and passed into the breakfast room with a hasty step. Vera was at the table. She rose from her place at sight of me, and came towards me, her hand extended with the prettiest, sweetest grace.

"Oh, Sir Douglas, I am so glad you are better," she whispered, softly, raising her clear hazel eyes to mine.

"Thank you," I answered; and again there was a curious pain at my heart as I thought of the gulf which yawned between me and this sweet child.

"Where is Lady Mallory?" asked Sir Thomas impatiently, as the breakfast gong sounded a second time, and yet our hostess did not make her appearance. Before anyone could answer him, a maid came flying into the room.

"Oh! please, my lady says will you go upstairs at once?" she panted, breathlessly, addressing Sir Thomas. "My lady thinks there were burglars in the house last night!"

Everyone sprang to their feet, uttering simultaneously exclamations of dismay and alarm.

Lady Gramont alone retained any semblance of composure, and even she turned pale. I regarded her intently. She seemed, I thought, conscious of my scrutiny, and uneasy under it. At



("It is useless for you to seek to deceive me further.")

any rate, she moved to quite the other end of the room and took care not to turn her face in my direction.

Sir Thomas was hurrying out of the room, all excitement, when, at the door he was met by Lady Mallory.

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GEN. METHUEN IS IN A FIX.

British Cannot Turn Flank of Boer Position.

TROOPS GO TO BULLER.

Canadians Sent From Cape Colony to Natal—The Boers Seem to Have Been Lucky to Escape Defeat at Their Last Battle—Their Loss Was Heavy.

Modder River, Cape Colony, Dec. 29, 11.30 A. M.—The British outposts toward Magersfontein were astonished last night to hear two reports from the big guns of the Boers, which were followed by a tremendous fusillade all along their front. Lights were seen going rapidly to and fro.

The British were at a loss to understand the sudden illumination and activity, but concluded that the Boers were alert against a supposed night attack.

There was a British reconnaissance this morning due west from the camp by a force of cavalry and artillery under General Babington. The object was to discover how far the Boer lines extended.

It was found that the enemy holds a position as far as two isolated kopjes, many miles west of the railway, making a turning movement to the west almost impossible owing to the great distance to be covered in a rough country where there is no water.

Heavy Boer Losses.

Cape Town, Dec. 29.—The colonel commanding the Canadian contingency of troops, Col. Hussard, is to join the staff of Gen. Buller, all of whom are proceeding to Natal, indicating that Gen. Buller's sphere will shortly be confined to Natal.

A man named Green, a former Sergeant-Major of the British balloon department, is among the Boer prisoners captured at Magersfontein.

Green, who deserted from Aldershot in 1893, admitted he had been some time in the service of the Boers and had instructed them in trenching. He says there were 23,000 Boers at Magersfontein, 21,000 of whom were engaged the day of the battle.

The Boer losses, he also asserts, were very heavy, the trenches being full of dead.

He declares that if the British attack had been pressed the Boers would have yielded, and says the Boer horses have to be taken to Modder River, as water is so scarce at Magersfontein.

Moody's Successor.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 29.—The trustees of the Moody schools have met in East Northfield, but, as all were not present, another meeting will be held in New York early next year.

"Will" R. Moody, oldest son of Dwight L. Moody, will undoubtedly be chosen the responsible head of the schools. On his deathbed Mr. Moody committed the schools to the care of 4 sons, to A. P. Fitt, his son-in-law, and to A. G. Moody, his nephew.

The new head of the family is a graduate of Yale. After leaving college he travelled with his father abroad, and for a time was in charge of the business affairs of the schools at Mount Hermon. He received biblical instruction from his father, and greatly assisted in the evangelical and school work. He inherits much of his father's fervor.

He married the daughter of Major Whittle, an evangelist. They have buried two children, and the death of the little ones was a great sorrow to the late Mr. Moody. Another child was born to them only a few weeks ago.

An appeal to the world to provide funds for the continuation of the work begun by Mr. Moody has been issued by the trustees.

Dinner Host to Wed.

New York, Dec. 29.—Many of the friends of Herbert Barnum Seeley, the grandson of P. T. Barnum, and the host of the famous "Seeley dinner" in Sherry's three years ago, will be surprised to earn that he will be married at noon New Year's day.

Mr. Seeley's bride will be Miss Lucie Mitchell, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Mrs. A. P. Mitchell, of No 38 West Seventy-first street. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride's mother by the Rev. Father Taylor, pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, at Seventy-first street and the Boulevard.

Miss Mitchell is a pronounced brunette, rather short, with a well-rounded figure, and is less than twenty years old. Her father died about three years ago. He had done literary work of merit. The young woman has two brothers. The Mitchell home is only a few doors distant from the Hotel Majestic, where Herbert Barnum Seeley is making his home at present.

Japan Prepares to Fight Russia.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 29.—The City of London, from the Orient, confirms the news of a prospective war between Russia and Japan. Her officers say that Japan is now of the opinion that hostilities will break out between these two nations in the spring. Before the steamer left Japan the insular kingdom was buying up great quantites of rice, and even going as far to make arrangements for transports to make a demonstration in Korea. Great activity prevails on all sides in Japanese naval circles. A Shanghai report says that Russia has dispatched a fleet of three warships to Masampo, the bone of contention, which is now causing strained relations between the two nations.

Mrs. Dewey's Surprise.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Mrs. Dewey, the wife of the gallant Admiral, is to revive an old custom at her New Year's Day reception. She has announced that women will be welcome on that occasion, and there is no doubt that hundreds will be there to shake hands with Admiral Dewey. Hostesses are taking this as a precedent and other wives of department chiefs may do the same thing. This custom was killed during the Cleveland administration, when the crush became as dense that an order was issued that women would not be welcomed at official New Year's receptions.

McCOY—MAHER.

Both Pugilists Confident of Winning the Fight.

White Plains, N. Y., Dec. 29.—"Kid" McCoy is a trifle elated over the change of opinion regarding his ability to meet Peter Maher in the fight on New Year's afternoon. "So they think that I am good enough to be the favorite, do they?" said he. "Well, my money has thought so for one "Kid" McCoy ever since the match was made. I have been willing enough to back myself ever since I was assured that my health was in good condition."

McCoy went through the usual course of training yesterday, and when he arose this morning he was feeling better than at any time since he has been at White Plains.

"This new idea of training," said he, "has been the making of me. I never got ready for a fight where I was more assured of my ability to carry it successfully to a finish."

McCoy is not worrying much about his chances against Maher, as he figures that Peter is not one bit faster on his feet than many of the heavy men he has met this fall. None of them has been able to punish McCoy to any extent, and he argues that he can keep out of harm, so far as Maher is concerned, with the same ease.

"I am about as certain as any man can be that there will not be any one round knockout," said McCoy, smiling significantly, as he recalled his Chicago experience with McCormick, whom he afterward whipped so soundly.

But Maher is likewise confident.

"Never was in better shape in my life," he said in his deepest bass notes, "and the "Kid" has got to take a fall. I know it will be hard on him, but it is time these middleweights got the notion out of their heads that they can beat the big fellows. This isn't going to be any Thorne or McCormick scrap, and don't let that escape you."

In spite of the cold weather Maher, with a bundle of sweaters around him, took his walk, or, to be more accurate, his run over the country roads. His face glowed with good health, and he had more spring in his step than he has had when training for other fights. Maher has always been a little slothful in training methods, and the eagerness with which he has gone about his work this year has been an encouragement to his backers.

"Making McCoy the favorite, are they? Well, it's one thing to make a favorite before the fight, and another thing to have him a favorite after the fight" was his parting shot.

NOW IS OUR TIME.

But Germany is Improving the Chance to Extend Shipping.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 29.—Charles H. Cramp, in speaking of the extensive shipping facilities which England is employing in the conduct of the South African war, said:

"No war in the history of Europe has ever used so much of the great transportation facilities of the ocean.

"To-day practically every fast trans-Atlantic liner in the merchant marine service of England has been impressed into the transport service, and the effect will be most marked in the carrying trade of that country.

"Germany is already securing a very profitable foothold in trans-Atlantic navigation, and she will maintain it for years to come.

"A sudden termination of the war would not result in the immediate return of those vessels to their former avocations. Some of them may be lost, others will be used for different purposes and still others will have become obsolete.

"Germany's merchant marine is assuming large proportions, and her ocean-carrying trade is increasing rapidly.

"She will leave no stone unturned to take advantage of the present situation, which will prove beneficial to her interests."

She May Guess Right.

Paris, Dec. 29.—Apparently inspired by the vagueness of Mme. Thebe's predictions for 1900, Octave Uzanne has sought more precise details from a rival charlatan—that is to say, cheiromancier.

She seems to flout Mme. Thebe's declaration that Venus will be the ruling influence next year, by prophesying that 1900 will be a more terrible year than 1870, the year which the French know as "l'Annee terrible par excellence.

Clouds of blood and mourning are to burst over many points of the universe within the year of the peace congress. Formidable battles will have been fought. Two important personages will die before springtime—Victoria and the Pope. The latter will be succeeded after two days' conclave by Cardinal B. The United States will encounter insurmountable difficulties in the Philippines, and will be unable to overcome the resistance of the natives.

He Still Holds Out.

Woodbridge, N. J., Dec. 29.—Terrorized by a "blue gum" negro giant, who insists impartially upon carving with an axe each and every inhabitant of the place who attempts to put him out, this village is in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. Policeman Murphy is uneasy, too, for upon him has devolved the duty of informing the giant of a warrant for his arrest. An axe is not always an easy thing to approach, and when it is backed up by blue-gums it is a very dangerous article indeed. Nevertheless, Policeman Murphy vows he will do his duty. The negro who is holding at bay an entire community is David Whitehead, a half-witted Hercules. His strength has long been a marvel throughout the countryside. Nor has it diminished for years, for David was once a slave "down souf for' de wah." When the war ended and he got his freedom he wandered north and finally reached Woodbridge, where he settled down and became a fixture.

New Russian Notes.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 29.—An imperial decree just made public directs the issue of two new series of notes, bearing 3 per cent. interst and dated Jan. 2, 1900, to take the place of notes of the Imperial Bank amounting to 55,516,00 roubles, which are subject to redemption. The treasury and State Bank will receive the new notes for all payments, but the public will not be bound to accept them.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

Portsmouth People Are Requested to Answer This.

Are not statements from representative citizens of Portsmouth more conclucing than the doubtful utterances of people living everywhere else in the Union? Read this:

Mr. A. P. Blake, of 23 High street, says:—"I had a distressing pain in my back, dizziness and headache and an annoying urinary difficulty. I went to the Philbrick pharmacy and got Doan's Kidney Pills for it and they gave me great relief. I had an accident which injured my spine, and my physician tells me it is incurable, consequently I cannot hope for a permanent cure, but I will say this, by taking half a box of Doan's Kidney Pills I was relieved of my backache and the urinary difficulty. I gave the balance of the box to my son, who was troubled with kidney complaint also. They did him so much good that he went and got more, and they cured him."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no subsitute.

RIGHTS OF THE PUBLIC.

Time for the Government to Interfere With Trusts.

Boston, Dec. 29.—Frank S. Monnett, Attorney General of Ohio, well known for his opposition to trusts, made an interesting address before the Twentieth Century Club in the hall of Boston University Law School, on "The Abdication of Sovereignty." The speaker read his speech from manuscript. He was accorded general applause as he concluded.

The speaker said:

"I maintain that if by a great aggregation of capital a pipe line company may ramify all the oil fields with its system and connect with the manufacturing centres, which it in turn so controls as to prevent all competition and is enabled to destroy all competitors, then the state and federal government, for the good of the common man and the common welfare, has the power and right and it is its duty to interfere.

"So likewise, when one giant corporation establishes a system of tank cars and erects tank steamers, and combines with the railroad companies as to get an unfair rate by virtue of owning its own tank cars and tank stations, then the state has a right, under its police regulations, to protect the common man and the man of smaller means from such abuse and unsurpation of the transportation department.

"It is the millions that have been made from the favoritism obtained through the Government grants as recognized in the transportation department as above illustrated that are disarranging the great commercial and economic conditions of to-day. The $600,000,000 owned by the little coterie of Standard Oil magnates, the $1,000,000,000 controlled in the iron, coal, copper and other industries by a limited number of capitalists, represents the fruits of this illegal abuse of the governmental functions."

The speaker then took up at length evidence presented before the Ohio Trust Investigating Committee with reference to the methods of business of the Standard Oil company, and also referred to testimony given before the Industrial Commission at Washington to show the arrogance of monopolies, especially of the Standard Oil company. Mr. Monnett also described the legal actions which he, as Attorney General, had brought against the Standard Oil company of Ohio.

"We have," he continued, "in this, the close of the nineteenth century, a spectacle of grants of corporate power, creatures of the state more powerful than the creator, subverting the legislature, delaying judicial proceedings, defying courts, or, in other words, treating the United States and the State of Ohio as they have treated the railways, compelling servitude on the part of the state rather than the state retaining its sovereignty, so far as this octopus is concerned, as any of a sovereign in history.

"Their attack upon every public official who dares to lift his finger or exercise his office as against their encroachments may be bitter and may destroy that individual, but let another step forward and fill the gap. Step forward, march on, shoulder to shoulder, and recover our lost powers, assert the sovereignty of the state over its creatures, if necessary, even by revoking the charters and conducting the transportation departments by the state itself."

Paris Has a Plague of Rats.

Paris, Dec. 29.—A plague of rats has appeared in the neighborhood of the Exposition grounds. As many as 10,000 of the vermin have been seen at once time in vacant lots. The cats are afraid to tackle the rats, and some of the frail exhibits are threatened by their depredations.

New York Gets Glasgow Contract.

Glasgow, Dec. 29—The National Conduit Company, of New York, has secured the contract to install electricity as motive power on the municipal street car lines. Its bid was $750,000, which was $50,000 below the lowest English bid.

Sedition in Natal.

Durban, Natal, Dec. 29.—A German farmer named Stucke and the Rev. Mr. Hartes, director of the Hanoverian Missions in Natal, have been arrested and imprisoned at Estcourt, on the charge of aiding the Boers. They both claim the protection of Germany.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist Portsmouth.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm. Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

DEAD BODIES WERE MIXED

So They Buried the Wrong Mine Victim.

RIOT FEARED AT FUNERAL

The Sequel to the Braznell Mine Disaster—A Strange Scene at a Funeral—Women Wept and Children Wailed Coffins Were Sent to the Undertaker's Rooms.

Brownsville, Pa., Dec. 29.—Bodies of four of the victims of the Braznell mine disaster are in an undertaker's shop, having been taken there from St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, where, after friends of the dead men had almost precipitated a riot, they were refused burial.

There was confusion over the identification of the bodies, seven of which were brought to the place, and one corpse was interred as that of another man. The mistake was discovered, however, and the misplaced body was dug up, the proper one being substituted for it in the grave. At one time the proceedings at the church were of such a nature it was thought the police would have to interfere.

Three hearses were brought up first for Magyar, Botshat and Orosch, they being Roman Catholics. In the hurry and confusion of names and tongues George Vasilko's body was placed in one of the three hearses and that of "Joe" Botshat left behind on the station platform with the Greek Catholics, who should have gone to Mount Tabor.

The three coffins were carried into St. Peter's Church. While the services were going on "Steve" Roscoe drove up to the church yard on a hearse, containing the remains of "Joe" Botshat, former friend of Magyar. He walked up to the chancel door and informed Joseph Hall, Sr., the grave digger, that Botshat was to be buried there. He was informed that there were graves only for the three bodies in the church. He insisted that Botshat was to be buried with Magyar, but he was told that he was wrong. Finally another hearse was driven up and others until a line of four stood on the steep street by the cemetery. They contained the remains of Botshat, Kovash, Rohal and Repasch. The Huns became so angry that they rushed to the hearses and carried the coffins beside the church door, depositing them on the snowy ground. They declared that the men would be buried or there would be trouble.

While Father O'Connell was standing at the chancel steps with his back toward the three coffins and the mourners reading the prayer book, four Huns, who had been watching the corpses outside, walked up the aisle and lifted the lids to see if one of their number was not there. Mrs. Grosch sprang up as if to protest. Trustee Hall whispering excitedly to Father O'Connell, told him that there was a dispute over the bodies, and that a wrong coffin was in the church.

Father O'Connell had said the mass and was about to bless the remains. He hesitated for a moment and quickly said that he should have been notified and went on with the service, blessing Vasilko with the others. The women wailed and the children cried in sympathy.

The priest was almost faint from cold and from the results of his fasting. He had some calls to make and desired that the remaining two bodies should be buried without rites at the graves. The body of "Joe" Magyar was then brought out, followed by Mary, and was lowered into the grave with Vasilko. The body of Orosch was interred in a grave by itself. The relatives left for the church, and the grave diggers began to fill the graves, while the friends of the four remaining miners became furious.

Those in charge of Repasch's remains started to take the coffin to an open grave, but were stopped. They picked up Repasch's coffin, intending to place it in the church for safe keeping.

Trustee Hall slipped in a rear entrance and bolted the door on the inside. When the Repasch relatives realized that they were shut out they placed the coffin in the vestibule and went away. The other coffins were allowed to remain outside, all the mourners deserting them.

Mary Magyar insisted that her brother's friend was not buried with him. The blunder horrified the St. Peter's Church people. Finally Trustee Hall learned that a Greek Catholic had been buried, and he ordered the grave diggers to dig out the grave again and get the coffin.

The Vasilko coffin was taken out and that of "Joe" Botshat lowered in its place. No masses were said over the latter, however, although friends provided for this in the first place, and none will be said unless friends provide again.

Baltimore Barbers Ask State Aid.

Baltimore, Dec. 29—The Barbers' Association is seeking to elevate the tone of their trade. They want the Legislature to help them in their efforts. They say that the ethics of the ancient craft are being ruined by the ungentlmanly ways of cheap barbers, unexperienced chaps, who ought to be shoveling snow instead of honing razors. There are 2,500 barbers in town. They want to suppress the five-cent shave shops. They understand that five-cent shave shops cannot be prohibited by law, but they think the barbers' commission will, if appointed, succeed in suppressing the five-centers.

Two Killed on the Street.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 29.—Two men were killed and a third fatally hurt in street car fight at Deposit. All were prominent in politics. Jesse Harden killed his uncle, James Harden, and was shot down by MacRussell. John C. Harden is dying of a shot fired by Jesse.

Fear the Plague.

Melbourne, Victoria, Dec. 29.—A passenger who arrived here from Noumea, New Caledonia, where the plague is raging, on board the steamer Australian, has been quarantined and eight others have been placed under surveillance.

BRYAN IN THE CHASE.

How He and Gov. Hogg Captured the Panther.

Austin, Texas, Dec. 29.—William J. Bryan has returned home from an all day hunt, in which a panther was captured alive. He was with a party of about one hundred Austin sportsmen, headed by former Governor Hogg. About fifty hounds and several guides accompanied them. All the hunters were mounted. Colonel Bryan was attired in a handsome hunting suit of corduroy, and was mounted on a fast and steady Texas mustang.

A panther had been kept in its den for three days in the mountains about fifteen miles west of the city, a barricade having been placed over the mouth of the cave. The animal was released about an hour before the party arrived, and rushed out for something to eat.

The dogs upon their arrival took the trail and followed it through five miles of rough country. The panther had gone in a westerly direction in a mesquite prairie full of low shrubbery, mesquite trees and cactus. It led the dogs a merry chase, doubling on its trail twice. The dogs were fully two hours treeing the animal.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hogg, who had a small fox terrier with him, and as the tree in which the panther had taken refuge was aslant, the little animal ran up it like a cat, and was sent flying twenty feet by a blow from the panther. It immediately returned to the fight and was knocked away a second time.

Several men ventured to the tree, and with poles forced the panther to spring on the ground. The dogs immediately attacked it, and several of them were disabled at once. The panther then retreated to a nearby cave. It was smoked out and took refuge in a hedge in the open prairie.

Several expert users of the lasso volunteered to capture the animal, and two of them caught it at the same time. It was forced out of the hedge by the dogs. They were able to keep it at a safe distance from either until an improvised pen was made, in which the panther was coaxed. Then it was brought to this city.

None of the party was permitted to carry any firearms. Many of them had their clothing torn by the mesquite and cactus while riding in the chase, and had their faces, hands and legs lacerated. The legs of the horses were badly cut up. Mr. Bryan said it was a treat, indeed.

FENIAN LEADERS.

They Seem to Think Canada Would Be an Easy Mark.

New York, Dec. 29.—Relative to the attitude of the Irish revolutionary societies toward the government of Great Britain at the present juncture of affairs, the Evening Post quotes an officer of the Clan-na-Gael as saying:

"England can only be made to feel by physical force, and we're now going to give her some Boer treatment. We did intend going out and sinking that first expedition from Canada to South Africa, but thought it better to wait a little while. We can mobolize men without much difficulty for an attack on Canada, and we are fairly well armed—as well as the United States troops in the Spanish war. We have lots of Springfield rifles and are handy with the bayonet.

"No decision has been arrived at yet. Everything will depend on the immediate future. We have either regiments or companies all over the United States and are fairly well drilled, and a great many of our men are in the militia.

"The Ancient Order of Hibernians has really nothing to do with this. It numbers about 250,000, and a majority of its members belong to our organization. All its officers do, and so, of course, it will act with us. We have lots of men in the regular army—camps or clubs in every post—and even if they were sent against us to stop us on the border they would either march across with us or give us blank cartridge.

"If it is decided to attack Canada we shall do all in our power to keep matters so secret as not to embarrass the government until we are actually on the border. The French population in Canada would be with us, and there are numbers of our own countrymen ready to welcome us. Canada would be an easy mark. We would have the Canadian loyalists on the run in a week."

Half a Million for Charities.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 29.—Joseph Forbes, seventy-four years old, a son of the late Captain Forbes, who was in his day one of the leading ship builders of New England, has died at the old Forbes home on Forbes avenue, Fair Haven. His death was due to old age.

By his death one of the largest estates of New Haven will be distributed for charitable purposes. Betsey Forbes, a sister of Mr. Forbes, married Captain John Bradley, who died several years ago. Mrs. Bradley also died and left an estate which was inventoried at $345,364. This estate was left in trust for her brother, who was to receive the use of it during his lifetime. He used very little of the income and the estate a year ago was, according to the report of the trustee, worth $100,193. This estate is now to be divided between St. Paul's Episcopal Church and the Ladies' Seamen's Friends Society, the latter to receive one-third of the estate. St. Paul's Church is directed to erect a chapel on the site where the old Forbes mansion now stands, and also to erect a home for aged and infirm women.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, Dec. 29.—Some weakness was evident at the opening of the stock market to-day on the decline in London quotations.

Internationals were off and a number of the specialties showed fractional declines.

On the other hand, sharp advances were recorded in Tobacco, Metropolitan and New York Airbrake.

The last instantaneously lost the gain and fell an extreme 4 1-2 points, to 133.

Manhattan and Brooklyn Rapid Transit immediately after the opening made sharp advances, and the whole market showed an inclination to rise.

Before 11 o'clock an animated buying movement developed and the whole market rose buoyantly above last night's level of prices under the lead of the New York city traction stocks.

A Mother's Duty is to see to it that her children begin early in life to shampoo their heads regularly once a week. In each instance, after the hair is thoroughly dry, some mild, health-giving tonic should be applied to the scalp to aid nature in creating the best possible growth of uniformly colored, lustrous, healthy hair—the most important feature in the make-up of beautiful women and handsome men. For more than fifteen years, the

7 Sutherland Sisters' Scalp Cleaner

has stood at the apex of all shampoo washes, while the "HAIR GROWER" has been equally successful in its efforts to return the injured scalp and almost lifeless hair to their original healthfulness.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Professional Cards.

W. O JONKINS, M. D.,
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
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OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M., 3 P. M. 7:30 to 10 Evenings

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
78 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H
Office Hours:
9 to 11 A. M. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.

Buy Now!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF
Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.
Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.
☞ Just drop around and look them, if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,
Stone Stable — Fleet Street

COAL AND WOOD.
O. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchan
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal and Wood
Office cor. Ste and Water Sts.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf.

Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham (successor to S. S. Fletcher) 60 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

Drink Only The Purest

FINE OLD
Ky. Taylor
WHISKEY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled as shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

The... Introduction

The readers of this paper need no introduction to the Frank Jones Brewing Co., or its products; when the statement is made by this reliable house that their new

Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to

Frank Jones Brewing Co.
Portsmouth, N. H.,
or *Newmarket Bottling Co.*,
Newfields, N. H.,

and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Put up in 1-2 pints, pints and quarts.

P. S.—Remember the brand, "VICTOR"

H. W. Nickerson,
Embalmer and Funeral Director,
5 Daniel St., Portsmouth, N. H.
Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or at J. A. Snow's, 16 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at Office and Residence.
Office Open From 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

PILES Williams Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It absorbs tumors, stops itching, GIVES RELIEF Soc and $1. At Druggists or by mail. Williams Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, O. For Sale by George Hill, Druggist.

TANGIN

If you think there isn't any cure for those troubles which are distinctly feminine, it's clear you haven't tried TANGIN. There's nothing in the world like this medicine for pain, nervousness, weakness and all of the ills which women know so well. We believe in TANGIN absolutely. To prove it, send us a postal card at once, and we will send you a *Free Sample* of TANGIN, together with a valuable medical treatise on the diseases of women. You see how much we believe in this medicine.

A. M. SPENCER & CO.'S Successors, New York.



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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1899.

Is Mr. Salt Lake City Roberts still knocking at the door of congress, or has he been taken with cold feet and gone back to the bosoms of his numerous family? He has dropped from prominence lately.

Another agent of Aguinaldo is on his way to Washington to find upon what terms the president will receive the surrender of the insurrectionist chieftain. If he is a second Agoncello, his visit to Washington will hardly prove pleasant.

The Manchester policemen want a raise in their wages, but Chief Healy intimates that they may not get it because too many of them are busier counting the hours on the clock than putting their whole heart into their duty.

Herb Seeley, who got up the famous Seeley dinner three years ago and shocked the country, is to be married on New Year's day. It is understood that Little Egypt and other very hoydenish dancers will not perform at the wedding feast.

A man in Melrose, Mass., thought he would manufacture a quick drunk for himself, so he mixed wood alcohol with hard cider and downed about a quart of it. He'll never drink any more, nor will eight other boozers whom he treated to a swig of the delicious stuff

Daniel Sharp Ford, the late proprietor of the Youth's Companion, though charitable at heart, had many peculiar streaks in his make up One of the most conspicuous was a pronounced indifference to the good of colleges and universities. Among all the bequests in his will, not one benefits an institution of learning.

The Gallinger hearing at Concord sadly lacks the sensational features which had been promised. About the only interesting thing in the case is the genius of John Ed Coffin, the Manchester Union's sketch artist, which has been manifesting itself in some very clever cartoons since the hearing opened.

Kitchener and Roberts, with a string of titles a yard long affixed to their names, are nearing the scene of the South African battles. They are the two greatest commanders England possesses, but your Uncle Oom only puffs his pipe in the same old way and smiles quietly under the shadow of his plug hat.

Bryan is always picturesque. One day this week he, dressed up in cowboy attire, sombrero and all, climbed to the back of a broncho and went dashing through the streets of a Texan city, blowing fiercely on a fish horn. It was a prelude to a panther hunt which his Texan friends had arranged for him and former Governor Hogg.

England's poets are being downtrodden, Kipling's war poem was dodged by those critics who dared not knock it, and sarcastically spoken of by those who handled it at all. Now the poet laureate, Mr. Austin, has sent out a sample of the same sentiment, and although it is expressed somewhat more nicely than Kipling's, fun is being poked at it on both sides the water.

The American military attache with General Buller seemed to grasp the true situation at Colenso when he asked, after having sized up the Boer position, "Isn't there some way to go around it?" If the British had a general with the outflanking skill of Sherman, he would hardly keep butting his head against a practically impregnable position, but would manage to get around it and [illegible] to fall back.

BRITISH RECONNOITERED AND LOST A HORSE.

KIMBERLEY, Dec. 22, via MODDER RIVER, Dec 27.—Before dawn today a reconnoisance was made by a detachment of the British mounted forces toward the Boer position to the west of Kimberley. After an exchange of twenty shells, the Boer patrols retired and Boer reinforcements came up. Col. Cuamier of the Royal artillery fired a dozen shells, which were responded to by a heavy fire from about five hundred Boers. Then the British retired, with the loss of a horse. The movement served to show that the Boer guns are still here and active and that the Boers are able to procure reinforcements rapidly. It also demonstrated that the Boers are prone to vacate a position when they prove to be weaker than the attacking force.

FIVE ALARMS SOUNDED.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Five alarms were rung in tonight for a fire at the wall paper establishment of William Campbell on East Twenty fourth street, the largest concern of the kind in the city. The building will be a total loss.

A Loss of $500,000.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The two seven-story buildings numbered from 425 to 435 East Twenty-fourth street, and occupied principally by the wall paper factory of the William Campbell Co., were destroyed by fire tonight, entailing a loss of $500,000. The plant of the New York Hygeia Ice Co., which occupied the basement of No. 425, and that of the Metropolitan Electric Co., on the first and second floors of the same building, were totally destroyed. A large portion of the east side gets its light from that company and was on account of the fire cast into complete darkness.

BLIZZARD IN PENNSYLVANIA.

CORRY, PA., Dec. 29.—The worst blizzard in years has been raging in western Pennsylvania for the past twenty-fours hours and still continues. A snow fall of eighteen inches, with that already on the ground, makes a depth on the level of four feet. Many villages are cut off from the outside world. The roads running into this city are all blocked. All the railroads are suffering. The through trains from Pittsburg to Buffalo, on the Western New York and Pennsylvania road, are way behind time. Those on the Erie and Pennsylvania are faring a little better. On all the lines huge plows are at work. The thermometer registers about zero. No loss of life has yet been reported.

MURDER IN SECOND DEGREE.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Dec. 29.—The jury in the case of Joseph A. Hough, who has been on trial for the past two weeks for the murder of Harry Chadwick at Haddam, rendered a verdict this afternoon of guilty in the second degree. The prisoner was sentenced to the state prison for life. His counsel made a motion of an arrest of judgment, and a session of the court will be held on Jan. 6th to consider the arguments.

MAIL STEAMER ASHORE.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—A large mail steamer, whose identity has not yet been learned, is ashore about one-fourth of a mile from Bungeness. Heavy seas are breaking over her and the life boats cannot reach her. Fear is felt for the safety of the passengers. The vessel is thought to belong to the Hamburg-American line.

Young Girls

How easy it is for young girls to go into the "decline." They eat less and less, become paler and paler and can hardly drag through the day. They are on the steady downward course. Iron does them no good; strychnine and bitters all fail. They need a food that will nourish them better, and a medicine that will correct their disease.

Scott's Emulsion

is both of these, elegantly and permanently combined. The Cod-Liver Oil makes the blood richer, and this gives better color to the face. The hypophosphites of lime and soda act as a strong tonic to the nerves. Soon the weight increases, the digestion improves and health returns.

At all druggists 50c. and $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

PASSED WRECK OF A SCHOONER.

NORFOLK, VA., Dec. 29.—Capt. Lewis of the British steamer Ashland, from Galveston for Marseilles, via Norfolk, reports that twenty-five miles north and one quarter east of Diamond Shoals lightship off Cape Hatteras, he passed the wreck of a large three-masted schooner. The only thing visible above water was her topmasts There was no sign of life about the vessel or wreckage, and the sea was too rough to allow his ship to go near the wreck. The size of the wreck indicated that the vessel must have had a crew of at least ten men. The schooner undoubtedly sunk in Saturday night's storm, and the men must have gone down with the ship.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IMMINENT.

LONDON, Dec. 30, 5:00 A. M.—The late special despatches from Chieveley Camp hint darkly at some important movement that is imminent. This is interpreted with some misgiving as meaning that General Buller intends to renew his attempts to relieve Ladysmith. It is reported by some despatches that the Boers have now returned to the north bank of the Tugela river, being afraid that the swollen stream may hinder their retirement. They also are moving their laagers nearer Ladysmith, probably with the intention of putting further tension on the garrison which is suffering very badly from the bombardment.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

LOCK HAVEN, PA., Dec. 29.—Assistant Postmaster Bathurst of Rote was killed and two other men were badly injured today by an explosion of dynamite in the office of the Belle Fonte Limestone Co. at Falons. One of the men raked the fire in the office with a poker and while the latter was still hot hung it on a nail. It fell from there into a bucket containing dynamite and a terrific explosion followed.

AN ORDER FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

WORCESTER, MASS., Dec. 29 —Thomas C. Orndoff, a manufacturer of cartridge belts in this city, received an order from the British government today for 15,000 double bandlerie cartridge belts. It is said that the order is a rush one, and the cartridge belts will be shipped to the Transvaal in lots of several thousand each as soon as manufactured.

WILL START FOR BOSTON TODAY.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec 29.—The warrant for the arrest of Charles H. Cole, formerly of the Globe National bank of Boston, on the charge of embezzling $900,000, arrived today. Cole waived the preliminary examination and will start for Boston tomorrow in custody of a United States marshal.

STEAMER BURNED AND SUNK.

SHREVEPORT, LA., Dec 29. — The steamer Lyndia of Shreveport was burned to the water's edge and sunk off Vanceville, on the Red river, today. The officers and crew had to swim ashore. Five negro rousters from Shreveport were either burned to death or drowned.

NEW YORK'S NEW FIRE CHIEF.

NEW YORK, Dec 29.—Fire Commissioner Staniel today promoted Deputy Chief Edward F. Croker to be chief of the New York fire department, at a salary of $6000 per year.

REVOLUTIONARY BUBBLE BURST.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, Dec. 29.—The Hernandez revolution is reported at an end. Hernandez, with two hundred men, is fleeing toward the Columbian boundary.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Forecast for New England: Fair and continued cold Saturday and Sunday, fresh west to north winds.

WARNER CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The end of the Warner club whist tournament was hastened on Friday evening by two games. Oldfield and Young took both of them, defeating Ayers and Churchill twenty to sixteen and twenty to seven. It is probable that the present series may be followed by a second, if it does not close too late in the season

"I had a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.

The white frost indicates that "rain may be expected about this time."

SUNDAY SERVICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 M. Young people's meeting at 6:45 P. M. Vesper service at 7:30. All are welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. George W. Gile, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00 M Prayer meetings Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:45 P. M. All are invited.

FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Robert L. Duston, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 11:45 A. M. Junior Christian Endeavor meeting at 3:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer and social meeting Friday evening.

OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—EPISCOPAL

Church hill, Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector. Sunday, at 10:30 A. M, morning prayer, litany and sermon. Holy communion, first Sunday in every month and the greater festivals, 12:00 M. Holy days, 8:30 A. M Evensong, Sundays, 3:00 P. M. Fridays, Ember days, in chapel at 5.00 P. M. Parish Sunday school in chapel at 3:00 P. M. At the evensong service, both in church and chapel, the seats are free. At all the services strangers are cordially welcomed and provided for.

CHRIST CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.

Madison street, head of Austin street Rev. Charles LeV. Brine, rector. On Sundays, holy communion at 7.30, matins or holy communion at 10:30 A. M., Sunday school at 12:00 M., evensong at 7:30 P. M On week days, matins (daily) at 9:00 A. M, evensong (daily) at 5:00, on Friday, evensong at 7:30 P. M, holy communion, Thursday at 7.30 A. M On holy days, holy communion at 7:30, matins at 9.00 A. M, evensong at 7:30 P M. Seats free and unappropriated. Good music. All welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

State street, Rev. Wm. Warren, pastor. Morning prayer at 10:00. Preaching service 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 12:00 M. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. All are cordially invited

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Court street, Rev. Myron Tyler, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12.00 M. Young people's meeting at 6:30 P. M. Evening service at 7:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting on Tuesday evening and prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—UNIVERSALIST.

Pleasant street, corner Junkins avenue. Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 M. Administration of the holy sacrament the first Sunday in the month at 11:45 A. M. Good music. Y. P. C. U. meetings every Sunday evening at 6:30 in the vestry. Strangers are especially welcome.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Alfred Gooding, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00 M. All are invited.

ADVENT CHURCH.

C M. Seamans, pastor. Social service at 10:30 A. M. Preaching at 2.45 and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:00 M. Loyal Workers meeting at 6:00 P M. Prayer service at 7.15 P M. All are invited.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, pastor. Services at 8:30 and 10:30 A. M. Vespers at 3:00 P. M.

Y. M. C. A.

Association rooms open from 9:00 to 10:30 A. M and from 1:00 to 6:00 P. M. Men's meeting at 4:00 P. M. Open week days from 9:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

No pastor. Preaching service Sunday evening at 7 30 P. M. Young people's meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. General meeting on Friday at 8. All are invited. Preaching tomorrow by Rev. G. O. Bullock.

SALVATION ARMY.

Meetings will be held all day in the hall on Market street. Hall drill at 7:30 A. M. Holiness meeting at 10:00 A. M. Free and easy at 3:00 P. M. Salvation meeting at 8:00 P. M.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, KITTERY.

Rev. E. W. Kennison, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 A. M. Sunday school at 12:00 M. Prayer meeting at 7:00 P. M.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, KITTERY.

Rev. E. C. Andrews, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 12:00 M. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 P. M. Evening service at 7:00. All are cordially invited.

SECOND CHRISTIAN CHURCH, KITTERY.

Rev. Mr. Hall, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 11:45 A. M. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:00 P. M. All are welcome.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH, SOUTH ELIOT.

Rev. Geo. W. Brown, pastor. Sunday school at 10:00 A. M. Prayer meeting at 11:30 A. M. Preaching at 2:00 day 7:30 P. M. All are welcome.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, SOUTH ELIOT.

Rev. E. W. Kennison, pastor. Sunday school at 1:00 P. M. Preaching at 2:00 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7:00 P. M.

MY

FALL AND WINTER SAMPLES

Have Arrived

AND ARE READY FOR INSPECTION.

YOU CAN GET SUITS FROM $15.00 and UP
" " " PANTS FROM $4.00 and UP

Try Us For Your Next Suit.

Cleansing, Repairing and Pressing Done At Reasonable Prices.

O'LEARY, THE TAILOR

5 Bridge Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H HALL

Hanover Street, Near Market.

OLIVER W. HAM.

SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL S. FLETCHER,

60 Market Street,

Furniture Dealer

— AND —

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover Street and at residence, Cor. New Vaughan Street and Raynes' Ave.

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BUY ONLY THE BEST

OLD CO. LEHIGH

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FOR YOUR FURNACE OR STEAM HEATER.

☞ *The only full supply at*

137 MARKET ST.

J. A & A. W. WALKER

NEW PICKLES.

New Pickles now and grew this year
By Bartlett who can sell you;
Just picked and made to suit the trade,
As all who eat can tell you.
In vinegar from apple juice,
With sugar from the south;
Girls like to bite with all their might
Until they fill their mouth.
Dear ma and pa, the children say,
Do buy us Bartlett's Pickle
So nice and good with all our food—
Pie, cake, or hearty victuals.
His Vinegar is ten years old,
In color like to brandy,
If once you try you will then buy—
It sells, then keep it handy.

—ELIOT, ME., August 1899.

SYLVESTER BARTLETT.

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS!

NO DUST NO NOISE

11 Market St. Telephone 2-4

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles F. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dudley, H. P.; E. G. Gidney, V. H.; Charles E. Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, P. C.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; True W. Priest, K. of E.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Thursdays of each month.

Officers—J. H. Kirvan, G. K.; Geo. S. Kirvan, D. G. K; Wm. McEvoy, C.; Dennis McGrath, W.; W. T. Morrissey, F. S.; W. F. Micott, R. S.; Daniel Casey, T.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 43, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Horace P. Montgomery, N. G.; Charles H. Kehoe, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 2, O. U. A. M

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, every other Thursday.

Officers — Fred Joslyn, C.; Arthur Woodsum, V. C.; Thomas D. Spinney Jr. Ex-C.; James E. Harrold, Sr. Ex-C. Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley F. S.; Edward Voudy, I. P.; William P Gardner, O. P.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each moth, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R.; H. B Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

BESOR SENATE, NO. 602, K. A. E. O.

Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.

Officers — Excellent Senator, E. H Voudy; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Caswell; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Pettigrew; Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vigilante, John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante Chas. H. Magraw; Rec. Sec., James E Harrold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell, Treas., N. A. Walcott; Warder, W. P. Gardner; Trustees, F. C. Langley, Fred Wood, Oren Bragdon.

8% PER ANNUM FROM THE START.

The Federal Oil Co.,

OPERATING UNDER THE LAWS OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Wells in Ohio and West Virginia.

Capital Stock $1,500,000 in Shares of $5.00 Each.

The Company's properties consist of several thousand acres of TESTED OIL PROPERTY in Ohio and West Virginia, having a monthly production of nearly 10,000 barrels. It is now negotiating for a number of oil wells, which when secured will give them a

Monthly Yield of about 30,000 Barrels;

which will more than double the net profits of the Company applicable for dividends.

COPY OF BUCKEYE PIPE LINE COMPANY'S STATEMENT.

CLEVELAND, August 23rd, 1899.

CHARLES A. POST, *Treasurer, etc.*

DEAR SIR.—Confirming my telegram of this A. M., I beg to say that your Company had run for its credit during April 5,142.64 barrels, May 5,529.36 barrels, June 5,065.13 barrels, July 5,049.46 barrels. There appears to be one run made in July not credited to your account until August, owing to absence of Division order.

Therefore, if you desire to be more accurate you should add 146 93 to the amount of that run to the credit during July, making the total for the month 5,196.39 barrels.

Yours truly, R. L. BATES, *Agent.*

The above statement refers only to our Ohio field, the balance of the pipe-line certificates can be seen at the Company's office, showing the West Virginia returns. The total average of oil territory under negotiations aggregates 25,000 acres of land distributed throughout the well known "oil producing fields" of Ohio and West Virginia.

Net Earnings, $225,000 Per Annum.

With the price of oil increasing almost daily the net earnings of the Company during the next year, should not fall short of $225,000.

For the rapid development of the Company's property, the officers have decided to sell Fifty Thousand (50,000) Shares of the Treasury Stock at par, $5.00, after which the price will be advanced without notice.

Subscriptions may be sent to

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE COMPANY, . . 17 Milk St., Boston.
Or FEDERAL OIL COMPANY, ... 17 Milk St., Boston.

WRITE OR CALL FOR PROSPECTUS.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement.

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works,

and has received the commendation of Eng neers Architects and Consumers generally Persons wanting cement should not be deceived. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON

For a Stylish Hitchout

Go to

C. E. Dempsey's Stable,

Deer Street,

Or call him by telephone 18-3 and he will send any team you want to your door.

Choice Horses,

Well Equipped Carriag

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Dying Year.

The year of grace runs swiftly to its close
Its days are dying like the tints of eve;
How soon it sped; we scarcely can believe—
Thus one by one drop petals of the rose—
That did in beauty on time's stem repose;
It seems somehow eyesight must eye deceive;
And for the loss of our spirits sorely grieve;
Yet here for flowers are falling fast the snow!
So runs the story of our changing life;
It ends a tiast in dark December mist;
Fade spring and summer sweet with beauty rife;
Fades all the golden light our being kissed;
But yet for faith a New Year spring to view,
Within the world shall all its good renew!

—William Brunton.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Happy New Year!" I said cheerfully to Susan, my sister, as I entered the library, where she was sitting by the fire.

I had just gotten back to town. To my surprise she looked at me indignantly, and declined to return my greeting.

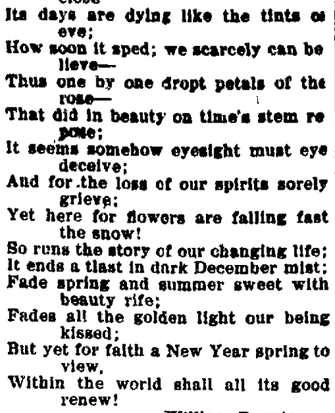
She is a very pretty young woman, full of graces and caprices, but is less pretty when she adopts her present mode of expression.

"Happy New——" I began again, after I had kissed Sue lightly and starting to unfold the morning paper, which I had picked up from the centre table, not having had time to read it all day.

"Tom Waring, if you say that again I will pitch this at you," interrupted Susan, holding up a well-bound book, which she had evidently just removed from a pastboard box on the table.

I naturally laughed.

"I suppose your desire would be to dislocate the very handsome cover of that book? You might aim at me, but you would probably hit the book



("Of that you may be sure," I said.)

case," I remarked, drawing up the biggest and most comfortable chair in the room to the hearth, and ensconcing myself for an hour or two of lazy enjoyment before dinner time, for I was rather fagged by my hurried journey to and from Chichester, a small town sixty-odd miles away.

"Who sent it," I inquired. "Did it come with any good wishes attached, or did you impress on the donor your radical objection to any polite adherence to the good and ancient custom of wishing a Happy New Y——"

"Don't you dare to say it!" warned Susan, holding up the destructive missile with a gesture so very determined that I abruptly came to a halt, not wishing to see Herbert Cameron's illuminated volume—for I had recognized his handwriting on the cover of the book—land in the fire.

By this time Susan's eyes had lost something of their strong aggressiveness and a glint of puzzled laughter was faintly discernible in their warm depths, albeit a wistful shade was gathering over her bonny face.

In capacity of elder brother and guardian to a forlorn little mite of an orphan girl, I had watched over Sue with tenderest care and solicitude for eighteen years.

According to my calculations, if a man's calculation in such matters be of any account, Susan was 21 on the 5th of the month. But very likely, by a feminine process of reasoning, it was all different. Maybe she was 19, maybe 25 in the eyes of herself and girl companions.

"May I inquire, Sis, what your objection is to the good wishes of your friends, and why you desire to destroy that gift of Cameron's?" I inquired, poking up the fire.

"Why, how in the world did you find out he sent it?" asked Sue in wide-eyed surprise.

I silently took the cover of the box, which lay on the table, and turned it toward her. Her name, written in Herbert's big characteristic scrawl, was a sufficient explanation.

"I am," said Sue in a low and subdued tone edging close to me on her divan, "I am in an awful quandary. Something positively terrible. I have been half wild over it all day long; and you were so mean as to stay away up to this hour—4 o'clock in the afternoon!"

Now, considering that I had gone most reluctantly on an urgent telegraphic summons from an old invalid client (and a wealthy one), who desired, I knew, some alterations in his will; that I had done without breakfast, so as to catch the early train; had driven six miles out from the station, in the teeth of a biting north wind; had worked hard all day, and had hurried back to town to dine this special evening at home with my unreasonable young sister, it seemed to me I hardly deserved her present keen reproach, one intensified by the look.

"Just so," I remarked, without attempting an explanation of the whys and wherefores of my enforced absence. "As I am here now, suppose you tell me what the trouble is, little one."

She tossed over to me an open envelope containing a note or letter, and fixed on me a look of surprise and despair.

"Well," I said turning over the missive without reading it. "I can't see how this can interest you so keenly, as it is not addressed to you."

On the envelope was written in Cameron's abominable handwriting "Miss Louise Morrison."

"That's exactly it," said Sue tearfully. "I opened and read it."

I looked at Sue in astonishment. I knew her to be that exceptional thing, a strictly and scrupulously honorable young fellow—woman, I meant to say. The idea of Sue deliberately opening her friend's letter, especially when she knew—well, never mind.

I was now fully determined not to tolerate Cameron's early and late visits any longer. I would not have him send hothouse flowers to Susan and lavish like attention on Miss Morrison at one and the same time. We would inaugurate a new system with the new year.

"You opened and read this letter?" I asked slowly, possibly with some slight severity, "when you knew it was not written to you?"

Sue flushed deeply, and a look of pained indignation swept over her face.

"Why, Tom, who do you take me for? Of course not! I thought it was for me, or I never would have broken the seal of the horrid thing. It's awful!" added Sue, clasping her hands with a gesture of despair.

"What is it?" I asked bluntly.

"Read it," responded Sue.

"You must read it, Tom, to understand and help me out Louise will never, never forgive me! and she will never, never, believe that I did not open her hateful letter out of mean curiosity."

For the life of me I could not understand how any man in his senses could fail to appreciate that little girl's immense superiority over Louise Morrison, that unreliable, small-souled young woman, whose vanity was as all-pervading as her astuteness. Two hideous traits.

The letter was—well, a glance sufficed to inform me that it contained the usual rhapsodies and idiocies

"It was in the first page of the book," explained she tearfully," and so, you see, Tom, that was sent to me; so, without noticing the address, I opened and read the nonsensical thing. Do you know, Tom, dear," continued Sue, and in spite of her mortified distress, two lovely dimples crept into the corners of her mouth, "it was by a mere accident I noticed Louise's name on the envelope It fell on the floor with the address uppermost."

"Well, child," I said, "all you have to do is to notify Cameron of the accident, and let him try his hand at an effusive epistle to his lady love, or enclose this thing just as it is to Miss Morrison and write her an honest explanation of your error. To my mind the first would be the safer plan of the two. It would be a little awkward for you both, and will delay the extremely ready acceptance that is waiting for him, which is a pity, as, if I understand his extremely involved sentences, he is hoping I believe the fellow wrote 'Pining,' or some such word, this very afternoon. Wants to start out on the new year with a cartload of illusions and fantastic anticipation of coming happiness. Happiness, with Louise Morrison!" I added sardonically. "Why, I venture to predict, on next New Year's he will be looking around for a method of escape."

"I'll send a note to him right off then, Tom," Sue said hurriedly. "It will be my New Year greeting to him," and she laughed brightly.

But my ear could detect a jangle in the sweet notes.

"What infernal fools men are," I soliloquized infernally, and from the vantage ground of my old bachelorhood I looked with supreme contempt on the blunders and misapprehensions I could note in the matrimonial ventures of my friends and acquaintances, by which they very determinately brought untold sorrows upon themselves.

"Serves 'em right," I added mentally.

"Harris, take this note around to Mr. Cameron and bring the answer," I directed to the butler who had answered the bell. "You'll be apt to find him in."

Silence fell between us when the door had closed, and I lit a cigar.

Twilight had fallen, filling with its soft shadows the nooks and corners of the library, and outside the bustle and animation of the street was greater than usual, for humanity, with its usual lack of perspicacity, must need celebrate with fireworks and jollity the advent of the incoming year, which is also one less in which the present generation can flaunt and display its folly.

"Well, little one," I said finally, "it's about time to dress for dinner. "By the by, I put a small box from Tiffany on your plate."

"You are a dear old boy," she said, putting her arms around my neck.

I drew her down by my side and kept smoking, while she leaned her head confidingly and sorrowfully on my shoulder.

A carriage dashed up to the house and I heard a pause and the hall door slam.

"Mr. Cameron," announced Harris.

As Sue had started up and I was sitting in the shadow, Herbert Cameron evidently failed to perceive me.

"Did you believe it possible," he said, agitatedly and in a pleading voice, leaning forward with outstretched arms, "that I could write a letter to any one but you? To any one the dearest and loveliest woman——"

"Ahem!" I interposed, rising and coming forward. "Good evening, Cameron; glad to see you. Wish you a Happy New Year. Hope you understand Susan's slight mistake in opening Miss Morrison's note."

"Hush, man! Stop!" said Cameron, nearly shaking my arm off. "I wrote that to Miss Waring. Of course you know that by an absurd mistake I put it in an envelope addressed to Miss Morrison, instead of the card I was sending her with a box of candy."

"Oh," I said, endeavoring to extricate my crushed and aching fingers. "Then——"

"Yes," said Cameron, in a low tone, and without releasing me. "Ask her, old fellow, to glorify this New Year for me! Ask her——"

"All right," I hastily interposed, extricating what was left of my hand and hastily retreating towards the door. "Ask her yourself. I have no earthly objection to it."

There should be no "tear" in one's New Year leaves. Such an opening, no matter how big, is a very poor way to carry resolutions out.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Some of the Events and Customs Connected With This Anniversary.

January 1 was made the beginning of the legal year in England in 752.

On New Year's Day in ancient Egypt there were processions in every temple.

The legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland took place on January 1, 1801.

The emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was isued January 1, 1863.

The American Indians had a sort of New Year festival, celebrated with feasting and dancing.

In Sibera the state prisoners of the Czar are allowed to rest and holiday on New Year's Day.

In Athens a new statue, either to a god or a hero, was erected and consecrated on the first day of every year

In south of France it is customary for families of means to give their servants new suits on New Year's Day.

In Norway there is a superstition that the kind of fish caught on New Year's Day indicates the character of the fishing during the year

The custom of watching out the old year and waiting for the new to begin prevails in many countries, if not in most of the civilized world.

Suetonius and Tacitus allude to the custom common in their time among the Romans of sending and receiving presents on New Year's Day.

In Covington, England, God cakes are made for New Year's Day. They are triangle in shape, made of paste inclosing a portion of mince meat.

In Wales there is a superstition money should not be paid out on New Year's Day, for, if it is, the payer will have bad financial luck all through the year.

In the old missals the month of January was pictorially represented by a white-haired man clad in furs, bent with the cold and blowing on his fingers to warm them. He is standing almost knee deep in the snow, and a billet of wood and sometimes an axe are by his side.

After the fall of the empire and the restoration of the Bourbons in Paris a fashion arose of giving bonbons as a New Year's present. The confectioners prepared for the New Year's trade, and it was estimated that on the two days before New Year's of 1822 a thousand tons of candies were sold in the confectioners' street in Paris

The ancient Jewish year began on March 25, and owing to the fact that many, if not most, of the Christians were of Jewish origin, and thus gave tone to early Christianity, the Jewish year was long retained among Christian converts and many of the writings of the early fathers were dated according to the Jewish division of time.

Janus, the Roman deity, whose name was given to the first month, was the god of all gates, doors and entrances He presided over the beginning of new enterprises His image was placed above doors and gates, and he was always presented with two faces one looking outward and the other inward Special sacrifices were offered to Janus on the first day of the year and a feast was held in his honor during the month

IN JAPAN.

A Great Bear Feast the New Year's Ceremony.

For a thousand known years the Ainos have stood still in their civilization, following all their primitive customs and ceremonies generation after generation and century after century, practically without change. New Year with them is the day of their greatest feasting and merry-making, consisting principally, unhappily, of an extravagant use of an intoxicating beverage known as saki, or rice beer, which puts the entire population in a helples condition long before the day is done.

The principal cermony is the great bear feast, called Omsia, in which a huge bear is slain and sacrificed as a special offering to the god Kamui, who is the guardian and protector of their homes throughout the year. It is necessary to conciliate this god by the special donation of bear's meat that their lives may be free from the persecution of the unseen, intangible spirit demons who seek to do them harm.

It is said that the bear for this feast is raised from a cub, suckled by an Aino woman who, became its foster mother, and in her heart feels toward it all the tenderness and love that she would for her own offspring. As the end of the year draws nigh her cruel and hairy grandfather, with unfeigned joy, helps nurture and fatten the feast bear for the coming celebration with carefully prepared foods.

Alas, it is a fearful day for the foster mother when her entire family drags her bear son from her arms to the scene of sacrifice! She tears her hair and weeps and wails, while the grandparent, with joyous cries, dances in front of the party who drags the beast with heavy ropes to the altar.

The killing of the bear is done in a most horrible and brutal manner. Two fair sized logs are lashed, one above another, to a standing tree, and extend horizontally resting upon the ground. The entire clan takes part at the death, which is accomplished by opening the ends of the log furtherest from the tree like a huge jaw, and dragging the head and neck of the helpless beast through the opening, and then squeezing and strangling with mighty pressure the life out of the poor bear.

A Sultan's New Year Gift.

A courteous exchange of presents was frequent between sovereigns of various nations. One of the most feminine instances typical of the fashions and customs of the day is apparent in the offerings sent in 1559 by Sultana Valide to the great Elizabeth. It consisted of a costly robe and girdle and five handkerchiefs two wrought in gold and three in oriental sliks, together with rare neckaces of pearls and rubies and a wreath of diamonds.

A Dash of Cold Water.

Turning over new leaves is a harmless New Year's custom, but there is no probability that the world will ever be materially bettered by it. The man who waits until some particular date to make a resolution rarely fails to break it while it is young and tender.

STRANGE FESTIVITY.

HOW THE MOQUIS CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR.

A Barbaric But Gentle Drama—The Serpent in the Ceremony—A Spectacular Dance—Where the Creator is Sparing of His Favors.

The Moqui Indians' New Year's celebration, called So-yal-u-na, is largely a presentation of a singular and elaborate mythic drama, divided into two parts, in which offerings are made to effigies of the Great Plume Headed Serpent, the enemy of the sun, followed by a sun dance, in which the conflict between the sun and the inferior hostile gods is admirably portrayed by Moqui men personifying the various deities.

This celebration is primarily performed by warriors and commemorates the return of the sun from the winter solstice. In other words, the Moqui wofully fear, when they see the sun going further and further to the southward each day, he is going to desert them and leave them alone upon their cold, weary, sand-blown mesas. One wonders little that, in this dreadful situation, they have initiated protound and mystic rights with a view to propitiating the evil one who would harm their dearly beloved fire.

Day by day the old men and seers of the tribe watch each morning the point at which the sun rises from the eastern horizon of the pinnacled and ragged mountain range. They have found a particular notch between two peaks, past which the sun does not travel in its southern march, but instead it stops and returns over its long and dreary trail to bring ultimately the spring, the butterflies, and, most precious of all, the corn—their staff of life.

As the sun nears its lowest notch preparations for the rite which conciliates the sun's worst enemy—the snake demon—are well under way. To-morrow, in a wierd subterranean cavern, called an estufa, or kiva, it is declared that the baneful serpent shall be amply placated; so rich will be the tribute that for one entire year the sun shall be free from his persecutions, and the clouds, too, which the snake wickedly swallows, shall gather and their moisture freely descend upon the parched and blighted land until it is once more clothed in verdure.

Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution, is familiar with most of the Moqui ceremonials and has described to me in some detail this strange New Year's festival. In the dimly lighted, underground room there is erected, at its west end, a screen profusely decorated with corn husks, but cleverly in imitation of flowers Near the middle of the screen there is an opening, and behind it stands a man who, at the proper time, manipulates the effigy of the snake. By his side stands a companion who has a large conch shell made in the form of a horn, through which he utters fearful groans and noises, presumably the voice of the monster serpent. In front of the screen sits three or four solemn priests, and the audience, consisting of members of all the clans and their families, and behind them is a row of men who act as chorus.

When the rites begin the chorus commences to sing, at first a low, wierd chant, which gradually rises to piercing intensity, and, as it does so, the man behind the screen takes up the effigy of the great snake and thrusts it rapidly through the opening a number of times, accompanied by the unearthly and discordant wailing of the conch shell. The priest directly in front of the screen takes a little sacred meal in his hand and molds it in his mouth, uttering a deeply significant invocation to the serpent, and then casts the meal on the head of the serpent.

The serpent effigy used in the ceremony has a head cut from a gourd, with a horrible grotesque mouth and prominent teeth and a great red tongue protruding from the nose. A curved horn rises from the back of the head and a bunch of light and wavy feathers adorn the neck The long body is made of buckskin, and through the middle of it runs a backbone made from sticks. In fact, the effigy becomes a horrid monster, viewed in the pale and sticky light which filters weakly downward through the single entrance at the top of the chamber.

One by one all the members present make their prayer to the hostile serpent god, hoping that, by their earnestness, they will beget individual and communal prosperity throughout the ensuing year. So ends the first half of the drama, and on the morrow of the new year begins the great snake dance. Four orders of warriors participate in the dance, and it is regarded as a test of supreme endurance for those who engage hour after hour in the fatiguing and incessant motion which is demanded by the dance drama.

On the opposite sides of the kiva there stand rows of men, bearing shields, with elaborate symbolic designs of the different priesthoods and mythical beings painted upon them. At the end of the room, all alone and unsupported, stands the sunbearer, awaiting the onslaught of his horde of enemies. A signal, and the song begins, and the lines of warriors on each side of the room surge against the sunbearer in a feigned, but realistic attack. He brandishes his shield and rushes upon them with great vigor, repulsing and driving them back to the wall again and again, until, and vanquishes his many foes.

This last interesting spectacular dance so exhausts its participants that individuals become prostrated and faint away.

New Year's Day finishes with feasting and jollification, which brightens the faces and hearts of the old and feeble men, and cause the youngsters to overflow with an exuberant abandon of spirits. Happy hearts and happy homes are to be found on the first lay, even in this desolate region, where the Creator has been so sparing in his favors that rain only falls a few days in the year, and vegetation is so sparce that it is only found in the deep valleys, and the flat-topped mesas where the Moqui dwell reflect back the sun's rays from a brick-red and barren soil.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

New Year's Reception by the President.

On New Year's Day the chief executive of the nation receives in state the Vice-President, the members of his official household, the chief justice and the associate justices of the supreme court of the United States, the foreign legations, senators and representatives in congress, officers of the army and navy, officials of the District of Columbia and such of his fellow citizens as choose to pay their respects to the President on that occasion. To the President it is no holiday task, as he must go through the ordeal of shaking hands with 8,000 or 10,000 people. Although the New Year's reception begins an hour before noon, custom demands the wearing of afternoon dress.

As there is in this country no officially prescribed court dress, there is nothing in the apparel of the diplomatic and civil officials of the government to distinguish them from other well-groomed men on formal occasions. The officers of the army and navy, however, appear in full dress uniforms and present a brilliant ensemble. One of the chief attractions of the day which the great throng gathered in the capital of the neighborhood of the capital has an opportunity of seeing is the display made by these officers on their march to the White House. The most picturesque feature of the President's New Year's reception is the appearance of the foreign diplomatic corps in their gaudiest and best dress of state They assemble in the Red Parlor of the White House, with the dean of the corps at their head. This distinction has for a number of years fallen to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British embassador, who will doubtless continue to hold the place as the oldest in point of continuous service of any of the foreign representatives.

They form a brilliant procession as they proceed to the President's reception room, the embassadors being the first in line, followed by the ministers in order of seniority, each attended by his suit, including secretaries, attaches and such ladies of the legation as desire to attend The South American diplomats, in accordance with their own peculiar costume, appear in full evening dress It is the orientals who give the picture its gayest coloring The Chinese minister and his vast suit wear varicolored gowns of rich and costly fabrics, though the Japanese are not so showy in their state attire The Turks appear in their red fezzes and the Koreans in their flowerpot hats and are even more gorgeous than the Chinese. After the distinguished and brilliant assembly of officials—state, judicial, diplomatic and legislative—has passed through the reception room and received the president's New Year greeting, an hour is exclusively devoted to citizens, and the chief executive receives and shakes hands in quite democratic fashion with as many of his fellow countrymen as can reach him during the time allotted to the reception.

IN SCOTLAND.

New Year's the Most Important Anniversary.

New Year's is generally celebrated as a season of merrymaking, and the 1st of January is a holiday in many countries But in Scotland alone, perhaps is the festival considered the most important one of all the year. There the celebration begins on the morning of the last day of the year, when the children of the poor swaddle themselves in great sheets, which are doubled in front to make huge pockets. So costumed the children go to the houses of the rich and ask for oaten bread. As the children enter a house they cry, "Hogmany!" thereupon the housewife drops a quarter of a loaf into each child's pocket. Thus by early afternoon the children are loaded down with rich bread, and sometimes cheese, and go home rejoicing. "Hogmany" is supposed to mean "the sacred moon or month."

In Scotland, New Year's eve is celebrated with the utmost jollity One of the favorite amusements consists in dressing in guiser, or masquerade costumess, and going serenading. The "guisers' are usually young men, and they are attended by their "squires." After a guiser has serenaded a house custom provides that he shall be paid a half-penny, but he is often beaten instead of receiving the bounty. In bands of from three to six the guisers often go from house to house and perform a drama in the kitchen, while the household looks on and applauds and berates the players, according as the play is well or ill done. Then the guisers are given cakes and strong drink and are bowed or driven into the street.

Father Time and the New Year.



Beware.

Dan Cupid, with a bow upon four strings,
Begin a wondrous, witching little air;
Ah, when such soft, illusive music wings,
Good sirs, beware.

But when the fair
Dorinda (with four beaus upon a string)
Assuming a wondrous, witching little air—
This is a yet more heartensnaring thing.
Good sirs, take care!

A Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc. These ailments all arise from a disordered or abused condition of the stomach and liver.

Beecham's Pills will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Sick Headache, Disordered Liver, etc.,

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System, restoring the long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of Appetite, *and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. For throwing off fevers they are specially renowned.* These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. This has been achieved

Without the publication of testimonials.

Beecham's Pills have for many years been the popular family medicine wherever the English language is spoken, and they now stand without a rival.

10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

—THE—

FRANK JONES BREWING CO

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,

Have just completed a new system for bottling the

-OLD INDIA--PALE ALE-

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale Many people who are wakeful find that a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal.

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

It is put up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

Newfields Bottling Co.,

NEWFIELDS, N. H.

PORTSMOUTH POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From
New York, West and South, 10:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
Boston, 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Dover and way stations, 10:00 a. m., 5:30, 9:00 p. m.
All points East, 7:30 a. m., 3:00, 9:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 3:00, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 6:30 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 6 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m.
Sanbornville, 3:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
Newington, 9:30 a. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Eliot, 11:00 a. m., 3:00 p. m.
Sundays, 11:00 a. m.

MAILS CLOSE.

Boston, West and South, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 6:55 p. m.
All points East, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:00, 9:25 a. m., 12:30, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:00, 12:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m.
Sanbornville, 9:25 10:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
White Mountains, 8:00, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 10:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m.
Newington, 10:25 a. m.
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 5:25 p. m.
Eliot, 9:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, 4:00 p. m.

Registered mail closes one-half hour earlier than ordinary mail.

OFFICE HOURS: Week-days, 7:30 a. m. to 7:00 p. m Sundays, 12:00 m. to 1:00 p. m.

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BOSTON & MAINE R.R.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

Trains Leave Portsmouth

FOR BOSTON, 3.50, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53, a. m., 2.21, 5.00 7.28 p. m. Sundays 3.50, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

FOR PORTLAND, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45 3.50, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, 10.45 a. m., 8.55, p. m.

FOR OLD ORCHARD AND PORTLAND 9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sundays 8.00, a. m.

FOR NORTH CONWAY, 9.55, a. m., 2.45 p. m.

FOR SOMERSWORTH, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45 5.36 p. m.

FOR ROCHESTER, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45 5.30 p. m.

FOR DOVER, 4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.20, 2.40, 5.22, 8.52 p. m. Sundays, 8.00 10.48 a. m., 8.57 p. m.

FOR NORTH HAMPTON AND HAMPTON 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth.

LEAVE BOSTON, 7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 4.30, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.40, 7.00, p. m.

LEAVE PORTLAND, 2.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.45 6.00 p. m Sundays, 2.00 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

LEAVE NORTH CONWAY, 7.25, a. m., 4.15 p. m.

LEAVE ROCHESTER, 7.19, 9.47 a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m.

LEAVE SOMERSWORTH, 6.35, 7.32, 10.01 a. m., 4.05, 6.38 p. m.

LEAVE DOVER, 6.50, 10.24 a. m. 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, 7.30 a. m., 9.25 p. m.

LEAVE HAMPTON, 9.32, 11.53 a. m., 2.13, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sundays, 8.26, 10.06 a. m., 8.09 p. m.

LEAVE NORTH HAMPTON, 9.38, 11.59 a. m., 2.19, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sundays, 8.30, 10.12 a. m., 8.15 p. m.

LEAVE GREENLAND, 9.35 a. m., 12.05, 2.35, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sundays, 8.35, 10.18 a. m., 8.20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:—

Portsmouth, 8.30 a. m., 12.45 5.25 p. m.
Greenland Village 8.39 a. m., 12.54, 5.33 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9.07 a. m., 1.07 5.55 p. m.
Epping, 9.22 a. m., 1.21, 6.08 p. m.
Raymond, 9.32 a. m., 1.32, 6.18 p. m.

Returning leave

Concord, 7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.20 p. m.
Manchester, 8.30, 11.10 a. m., 4.06 p. m
Raymond, 9.10, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.
Epping, 9.22 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.18 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9.47 a. m., 12.17, 5.53 p. m.
Greenland Village, 10.01 a. m., 12.29, 6.06 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt.; Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect November 26, 1899.

Until further notice cars will run as follows:

Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. landing, Portsmouth for Kittery, Kittery Point and Sea Point—6 50, 7 20, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50, 9 20, 9 50, 10 20, 10 50, 11 20, 11 50 a. m.; 12 20, 12 50, 1 20, 1 50, 2 20, 2 50, 3 20, 3 50, 4 20, 4 50, 5 20, 5 50, 6 20, 6 50, 7 20, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50, 9 50, 10 50 p. m.

For York Corner, York Village, Harbor and York Beach—6 50, 7 20, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50, 9 50, 11 50 a. m.; 12 50, 2 20, 3 50, 4 50, 5 50, 6 50, 8 20, 9 50 p. m.

Car leaves York Beach for Portsmouth 5 45, 6 45, 8 15, 9 45, 11 15, 12 45, 2 15, 2 45, 5 15, 6 15, 7 15, 8 45, 9 45, 10 45 p. m.

Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Badger's island, making connection with the electric cars.

Sunday time same as week days except that the first car leaves P. K. & Y. Landing, Portsmouth, for York Beach at 7 45 a. m.

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Come Today While There Is A Good Assortment.

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Nowadays....

Not only must have a complete knowledge of drugs, but to sell pure drugs he must know their adulterations; he must know just what to look for. We have that knowledge. We sell pure drugs and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick

Franklin Block,

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SICKNESS INSURANCE

Combined With

ACCIDENT INSURANCE,

Covering nearly all of the most serious diseases and every possible accident. Particulars at

TOBEY'S

Real Estate Agency,

32 Congress Street,

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED

7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.

... have always maintained their standard. Strictly hand-made ... wrapper and long Havana ... For sale by all first-class dealers ... Wholesale in Portsmouth by

...DELL, J. H. SWETT, ...ket Sts. Bridge St.

...ULLIVAN, ...TUBER, ...N. H.

...d's

L... cle ... oper... Kite... of titles... names, ar... South Afri... two greatest ... sesses, but youn... his pipe in the sa... quietly under the ... hat.

Bryan is always p... day this week he, ... cowboy attire, sombr... climbed to the back of a ... went dashing through the ... Texan city, blowing fierc... fish horn. It was a prelude to ... ther hunt which his Texan frien... arranged for him and former Gov. Hogg.

England's poets are being downtr... den, Kipling's war poem was dodged ... those critics who dared not knock it and sarcastically spoken of by those who handled it at all. Now the poet laureate, Mr. Austin, has sent out a sample of the same sentiment, and although it is expressed somewhat more nicely than Kipling's, fun is being poked at it on both sides the water.

The American military attache with General Buller seemed to grasp the true situation at Colenso when he asked, after having sized up the Boer position, "Isn't there some way to go around it?" If the British had a general with the outflanking skill of Sherman, he would hardly keep butting his head against a practically impregnable position, but would manage to get around it and ... force the enemy to fall back.

Wi... Sco... is both ... manently com... Oil makes the ... this gives better ... The hypophosphites ... soda act as a strong tonic ... nerves. Soon the weight increa... the digestion improves and health returns.

At all druggists; 50c. and $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1899.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Following are some of the conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham for the week ending Dec. 27th, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Portsmouth—Alfred L. and Thomas L. Elwyn, Philadelphia, to Lewis G. Dore, land on Richards avenue, $1; city to Byron Dame, land corner Thornton and Sparhawk streets, $55; other land on Thornton street, $162; Joseph Boylston to Alfred L. Bennett, Easton, Mass., one-fourth premises on South street, $1; William Shannon heirs to Sarah J. Fernald, all rights in the Shannon homestead, Echo avenue, $1; Mary E. Mendum, Boston, et als. to John A. Mendum, Boston, all rights in premises at No. 9 Fleet street, $1.

Rye—George H. Berry, Greenland, to Annie M. Parry, Portsmouth, land at Sandy beach, $1; John E. Seavey, Greenland, to Maria W. Shapley, land at Foss beach, $1; John O. Locke to Caroline G. Locke, pasture land, $1; last grantee to last grantor, pasture land, $1.

Salem—Fred C. Buxton et als. to Lillie M. Spencer, Methuen, Mass., land, $1; Cora A. Stevens to Lizzie E. Scollay, both of Lawrence, Mass., land, $100, deeded in 1894; last grantee to Betsey G. Heald, Lowell, Mass., same land, $1.

Seabrook—Jane M. Eaton to Robert L. Worthley, land, $300.

Stratham—Mary E. Simpson, Portsmouth, to George H. Berry, Greenland, all rights in realty of late Jesse Merrill, $1; Jacob and Mary E Chapman, Exeter, et als. to Amanda M. Lane, land, $1000.

Greenland—Josephine H. Pickering to William A Odell, land, $1

Hampstead Walter Worthen, Sandown, to Julia A. Senter, land and buildings, $1.

Hampton Falls—Levi Jenness to Edwin A. Jenness, land and buildings, $1, deeded in 1894; David B. Collins, Newburyport, Mass., to Boston & Maine railroad, land at Brimmer road crossing, $50.

LOCAL AGENTS TO BE REMOVED.

It is understood that the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has decided to do away with all its local agents throughout the state and entrust every case to the state agent, Robert E. Hodgkins. This has not yet been done, but probably will be at the meeting of the state society next week.

The reason for this action is found in the fact that the agents in the various towns do not attend to all the cases that should be noticed, because they often dislike to proceed against their neighbors or persons whom they know well.

It is believed that State Agent Hodgkins, being influenced by no such favoritism, will forward the interests of the society in a much more thorough and faithful manner.

It is said that this proposed action of the society had its conception in Merrimack county, where a couple of the agents had some difficulty with each other regarding the proper disposal of a case. From affecting the agents in that county, the idea has taken in the entire state.

BOWLING.

In an interesting game at the local alleys, on Friday evening, a team composed of single marines rubbed it into the married marines, by a score of 1746 to 1602. The figures in detail are as follows:

SINGLE MARINES.

Keeler	134	113	158	405
Lesage	93	104	137	334
Donnelly	129	91	126	346
Wilson	91	127	107	325
Brennan	101	130	105	336
Grand total				1746

MARRIED MARINES.

Cassidy	94	90	154	338
Edwards	103	79	160	292
Myers	115	115	96	326
Grace	118	106	142	346
Janson	119	121	70	310
Grand total				1602

Sergt. McNamara officiated as referee

SPIRITUALIST MEETING.

Professor Walter A. Rollins will ... and give tests Sunday evening, ...er 31st, at the Good Templars' ...er of Daniel and ... hallow ... that grow into big ... in con... ne little ... Gre... Pine ... Tl... may ...u's

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL.

Kearsarge, S. F. E. Co., No. 3, Scores a Brilliant Success.

The twenty fourth annual concert and ball of the Kearsarge Steam Fire Engine Co., No. 3, was held in Philbrick hall Friday evening and was crowned with the same success that has attended all previous efforts in the social line, of this popular company.

The Kearsarge company was organized in this city twenty-nine years ago and since then have made a name that is known all over New England. Their reputation as fire-fighters and entertainers is of the highest and their ball of Friday evening adds one more to their long list of successful affairs.

It was a large gathering and looked as if every lover of dancing in the city was present. Nearly every seat in the gallery was taken and they enjoyed listening to the excellent concert and watching the merry waltzers until a late hour.

Promptly at nine o'clock the signal was given and line was formed for the grand march. Nearly one hundred couples participated in the march which was led by Captain C. D. Lear and Miss Lydia Coleman.

The dance orders were handsome affairs and contained a well arranged programme.

Joy & Philbrick's orchestra, enlarged for the occasion, furnished the music for the ball and gave excellent satisfaction.

This orchestra plays some of the finest dance music of any orchestra in this section and was really better than ever on Friday evening

A programme of twenty-one dances with thirty minutes for refreshments, made it a late hour before the waltz home brought to the minds of the merry dancers that the ball was over and the time for the good byes had arrived.

The twenty fourth annual will be remembered as one of the most brilliant affairs in the line of social events ever given by the brave laddies of Kearsarge Engine Co., No 3.

The officers of the ball and the reception committee were:

Floor Marshal, Capt. C. D. Lear;

Asst. Floor Marshals, Lieut. F. N. Jones, Clerk G. R. Palfrey;

Aids, H. E Fernald, H. E. Philbrick, H. C. Wallace, W. J. Harmon, A. G Yeaton, H. O Bitten, G. N. Jones, W. G. Smart, Morris Tobin, L. E. Scruton, Dennis Lynch;

Reception Committee, Hon. Calvin Page, Chief Engineer E. J. Sullivan, Assistant Engineer C. D. Varrell, Assistant Engineer G. A. Jackson, Assistant Engineer F. S. Seymour, Assistant Engineer Charles Kehoe, Clerk of Fire Department M. L. Raynes, Superintendent of Fire Alarm W. I. Trafton, F. P. Downing, John Goodrich, E. A Manent, San Juan Gray, John Ham.

NO STORM IN SIGHT.

Present Good Weather Will Continue for Several Days.

There is no immediate danger of Portsmouth and its surrounding towns being seized by either a snow storm or blizzard. In fact, there is, according to the weather man, a strong likelihood of the present excellent weather continuing. This will be reassuring information to those who have heard of the alleged snowstorm and blizzard, which is said to be centralizing along Cape Cod. The weather man knows of no snow falling along the cape, nor in any section of New England other than the northern. There was a storm centralized about Nantucket, but it has been blown out to sea, and even that storm is not so great as to menace shipping.

Those who have feared a repetition of the great storm of a year ago can lay aside their fears for a few days and revel in the extraordinarily fine New Year's weather being dealt out with a lavish hand by the weather man.

SUPERIOR SERVICE TO PINCHURST.

Commencing January 1st, 1900, the Southern railway will inaugurate through service to Pinehurst, N. C. The Colonial express, leaving Boston at 9 A. M., connects at Washington with "Southwestern Vestibuled Limited," leaving New York at 4.35 P. M., arriving at Pinehurst at 11 o'clock the following morning. Dining car service.

For tickets, reservations and full information, apply at Boston office, 228 Washington street.

WATCH MEETING.

There will be a watch night service at the Pearl street church Sunday night, commencing at 9 15. Sermons will be preached by Revs. Duston and Warren. All are cordially invited.

TO BE REPEATED.

The Christmas music at the Middle street Baptist church which was given last Sunday morning will be repeated tomorrow morning.

CITY BRIEFS.

The fall of snow was "out of sight."

Schools commence again next Monday.

The skating is fine on many small ponds.

Time to commence practicing writing the new year.

This is a good time to keep one's mouth shut while on the street.

The patent medicine companies are putting out great quantities of almanacs.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.

Lots of mothers are rejoicing that the ice is approaching a thickness that means safety.

Everyone is seen going toward home loaded down with calendars of the year 1900.

The shoe factory closed on Friday afternoon in all its departments until Monday morning.

The "S. G" Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article

J. G. Tobey, Jr., auctioneer, sold to Miss Mary C. Harris, the Cosker estate 61 Daniel street this forenoon for $2700

The latest fad with the traveling theatrical peeple is the dog basket, which they carry their pets in when on the road.

This is expensive weather for the horse owners. The shoes have to be sharpened after about twenty miles of travel.

Many Portsmouth people inquire why there are so many heavy failures when prosperity seems to have the bits in her teeth.

There has been an advance of two cents per hundred on the through freight rates, or from twelve cents to fourteen cents.

Some of the more prudent are still engaged in buying holiday goods, as some very nice articles can now be obtained at reduced prices.

The cash accounts are getting some careful scrutiny, these days, and everybody can see where the expense side should have been made smaller.

It seems as though everything is marked down since Christmas by the signs of clearance sales and special trades in holiday goods that are displayed.

Billy Critch of Saco, Me., who is at present employed in this city, will go up against Jack Foley of Boston in a ten-round bout at Dover on the evening of Jan. 8 h.

Dividends are payable Jan. 1, on the following stocks: Concord and Portsmouth railroad 3 1 2 per cent, at Manchester; Portsmouth & Dover 3, at Portsmouth.

The weather of Friday made those furs received Christmas look very warm. It will tend to bring out the ulsters and caps in place of the overcoats and hats.

As regards gray squirrels and raccoons, the close season begins January 1st. For game birds, it may be well to remind our readers, the season closed December 15th.

Gray & Prime, the Market street coal dealers are issuing some very pretty calendars to their customers. There is a variety of designs and all are very prettily colored.

The small boys and girls are travelling about from store to store in search of calendars. Not only the smaller boys and girls, but the older people like to secure the pretty ones.

The annual New Year's reception at the Y. M. C. A rooms will be omitted this year until a later date, on account of the High school benefit and the absence from town of General Secretary Teague.

Mackerel are more plentiful now than they were for a time. They now command from sixteen to eighteen cents. Lobsters, though the fish men say there is no money in them, are to be found in the market.

The New Hampshire Baptist convention profits by the will of the late David S. Ford of Cambridge, Mass., who was the publisher of the Youth's Companion. It is estimated that the deceased left property to the value of $2,500,000.

Perhaps if Admiral Cervera, had stayed in America, he would have adopted the up-to-date method prevalent in this country of going on the lecture platform rather than submitting his views in a book.—Newburyport Herald.

For the teams having horses with sharp shoes, the travelling has not been better in the past few months since the ground began to freeze o'nights. The last few days have caused the bubbles to be trampled down so that now a surface has been obtained that is almost equal to a macadamized road. Bicycles would not go badly over such a surface.

AROUND THE CITY.

As far as the *Herald* has been informed, the Rev. Dwight L. Moody, the greatest evangelist of the present century never visited Portsmouth during his busy and useful life. But a large number of the people in the city have heard the famous man in Boston, which to him was a headquarters and to the no less famous Sankey, the great gospel singer, was the place where the two first attracted general attention.

The selection of Robert E. Hodgkins of this city to be the prosecuting officer of the State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is an appointment that is not misplaced and makes certain that the work of the organization will be performed faithfully, impartially and thoroughly.

The dust and microbe swallowing and inhaling are still features of the city life and are as bad as ever. Very few persons would care to see drifts of snow eight or ten feet high, but three or so... of the winter mantle and good sleighing would be gladly received. The germ laden gusts have a peculiar way of coming straight toward one and the result is something that makes one shiver and sneeze as the stuff sifts down the back of the neck and fills eyes nostrils and ears and half buries the unprepared victim. Such a condition must be very unhealthy, at least.

The prospect of a great scarcity of water in the wells and springs in the surrounding towns has resulted in the very sensible movement of the farmers and property holders having artesian wells bored on their premises. One Portsmouth firm which does this kind of work has had two gangs of men employed since the middle of November sinking wells through Kittery, Eliot, York and South Berwick. One advantage of sinking wells at this time, while the ground is in such a dry condition, is that wherever water is found, the supply is certain to be permanent. The water secured from such sources is always of the purest quality and has none of the surface wash. The well makers report great success in locating veins and very seldom have they been obliged to bore to an extreme depth.

The safety of the ice for skating purposes has given vent to the pent up enthusiasm of large crowds of people who were anxious to enjoy the winter sport and all of the ponds around the city have been very lively places since the cold snap made the surface of each smooth and solid. The pond at Clarkson's grove at Kittery Point has attracted the largest crowd that ever visited there and the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of skaters there have made the place more popular than ever. There have been several narrow escapes from fatal accidents in some of the other ponds to those who become too venturesome.

It is said that since the act passed by the last legislature reducing the price of the Record of New Hampshire Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Rebellion to one dollar and a half to all New Hampshire veterans, the sale of the book has been quite large and seems to continue at about the same rate from month to month. The present prospect is that the copies that can be sold under the provisions of the act will be taken before another legislature meets.

ORDERS REVOKED.

The medical officer at the United States Naval Recruiting rendezvous at Cleveland, Ohio, who held an examination upon Chief Carpenter Joseph B. Fletcher, U. S. N., has reported to the department at Washington that he is physically unfit to proceed, and acting upon this report, the orders to the carpenter, directing him to the island of Guam have been revoked. He will return to his home in Kittery at once.

FUNERAL OF MR. PRESCOTT.

The funeral services over the remains of Mr. M. F. Prescott were held at the home on High street at 2 o'clock this afternoon at which Rev. Lucius Thayer of the Congregational church officiated The interment was in Harmony Grove cemetery by Undertaker Oliver W. Ham.

END OF CENTURY.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 31st, at St. John's church, Rev. H. E. Hovey, will preach on "The Lessons of the Virtual End of the Nineteenth Century." The Christmas music will be repeated.

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

Afternoon whist will be held at the Woman's Exchange this afternoon, Dec. 30th, beginning at half past three o'clock. All are cordially invited. Admission 25 cents.

PERSONALS

Charles E. Hussey of Rochester is here on business.

Mrs. Robert E. Hodgkins is quite ill at her home at the south end.

William H. Keepers, Esq., has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Nellie Doyle of Lynn, Mass., is visiting Miss Pearl E. Lord, Marcy street.

Peter Ladd of Stratham, who has been visiting relatives in this city, has returned home.

Miss Bertha M. Hill of Hanover street is visiting at her aunt's in Boston for two weeks.

Ralph Sweetser of Sparrow's Point is visiting his father, John P. Sweetser, for a few days.

Charles A. Grant of the Boston University Law school is passing a few days with friends in this city.

Miss Florence Pendexter of Durham is the guest of Mrs. Mary Pendexter on Vaughan street for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geeorge P. Austin have returned to their home in Cambridgeport, Mass., after passing the holidays with relatives in this city.

Mr. John Sanford of the Barnicoat Fire association of Boston was among the guests of Kearsarge Engine company at the ball last evening.

Mr. Horace Waldron will finish his duties at the office at the Portsmouth Gas, Electric Light and power company, this evening and will leave at once for Boston. Miss Waldron will remain as bookkeeper at the office.

The reception given by Rev. I. B. Mower and wife at their new home in South Berwick Thursday evening attracted hundreds of guests through the day and evening. Among them were Rev. and Mrs. George W. Gile, of this city, Mr. Gile being a former pastor of the church.

NEW YEAR'S PRAISE SERVICE.

A union praise service will be held at the North church on Sunday evening. The congregational singing will be led by a chorus choir, and Miss Whittier will sing Tennyson's "Ring Out Wild Bells."



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It will be for the family when the rooms have been all newly decorated and made attractive and costly by artistic and handsome wall papers. We have a most artistic stock of fine wall papers, Lincrusta, Waltons, friezes, ceiling decorations and tile effects for bath rooms that will make your home a paradise at small cost.

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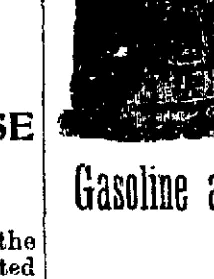
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